



COMMENT OF THE DAY

Facts About HK

NEXT month we welcome two distinguished groups of visitors to Hongkong—on Wednesday the leader of the Opposition, Mr Attlee and his party of Labour officials who are at present completing a successful tour of Communist China and later, a group of five British members of Parliament on a tour of Southeast Asia. Mr Attlee's visit to the Colony will enable him to see at first-hand some of our many problems and how we are coping with them. And although the visit will only be a short one (two days), the knowledge he will gain will undoubtedly contribute to a fuller understanding of the vital function this Colony is performing and is capable of performing for Britain in the Far East. The visiting party of five, due later in the month, should also profit from their short visit here. Parliamentary visits outside Britain are all too infrequent and today there is a very great need for our legislators to understand problems outside their own shores, particularly in the Far East. Government White Papers invariably make dull reading. They should therefore be able to put their Southeast Asian visit to good use. Also this month, His Excellency the Governor, at present on leave, begins his lecture tour of America. His messages about Hongkong will be delivered not only to a number of influential organizations but also over various television networks and his remarks will therefore be assured of reaching a wide audience. Sir Alexander Grantham is a colourful, attractive speaker and enjoys answering quick-fire questions after meetings. Certainly he is armed with the most expert knowledge of conditions and problems in the Colony and should be able to tell the Americans all they want to know about us. It is hoped, too, his lectures will assuage any doubts Americans may still have about our alleged disloyalty to the United Nations cause—a charge frequently levelled at us by McCarthy and his friends. The success of these various "instruction courses" by our senior officials should give the British and American people a better knowledge of Hongkong. This should be to our ultimate benefit.

TUNISIAN REFORMS APPROVED

Paris, Aug. 27. The French National Assembly tonight approved the French Government's North African policy by an overwhelming majority of 451 votes to 122 against.

The vote was taken on a Radical motion which stated that the Assembly approved statements on Moroccan and Tunisian policy made during the two-day debate by M. Pierre Mendès-France, the French Prime Minister, and M. Christian Fouchet, Minister for Tunisian and Moroccan Affairs—Reuter.

The approval of the North Africa policy came as the climax to a debate in which M. Mendès-France forecast further reforms in Morocco and noted a relative calming of the situation in North Africa. Earlier in the debate the Premier had told the Assembly that there could be no thought of the eventual return of the former Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Mohammed Ben Youssef, to the throne.

Prisoners Riot

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 27. Between 300 and 400 convicts rioted today at the Central Penitentiary and the police had to be called from the outside to help restore order. Several guards and prisoners who refused to join in the riot were beaten up. The situation in the prison was described as "tense". The riot came as a government committee investigating prison conditions in the islands was ready to present its preliminary report. A lesser disorder at the large District Prison was reported last night.—United Press.

Mendes-France May Agree To A New Delay

Paris, Aug. 27. The French Cabinet agreed tonight to defer a decision on ratification of the European Army treaty if necessary to enable further negotiations to be held on France's demand for revisions to the treaty, well informed sources said tonight.

Reliable sources said the Premier would ask the National Assembly tomorrow or Sunday to postpone debate on the European Defence Community until France could meet again with the five other nations of the EDC.

The sources said M. Mendès-France told a Cabinet meeting he would accept a "mandate" from the Assembly to reopen the negotiations, which collapsed a week ago in Brussels, and that the mandate would be presented early in tomorrow's session of Parliament.

The decision was regarded as a move to save his young government from splitting wide open on the controversial problem of rearming Germany. EDC by agreeing to abandon his determination to ram a yes or no EDC decision through the Assembly immediately.

In the last week the British attitude has, however, been complicated by a growing conviction that by far the most desirable solution for the problems of West Europe, and especially that of German rearmament, would be the passage of EDC in its present form.

Consequently the British attitude has been one of hoping for an early and favourable French vote.

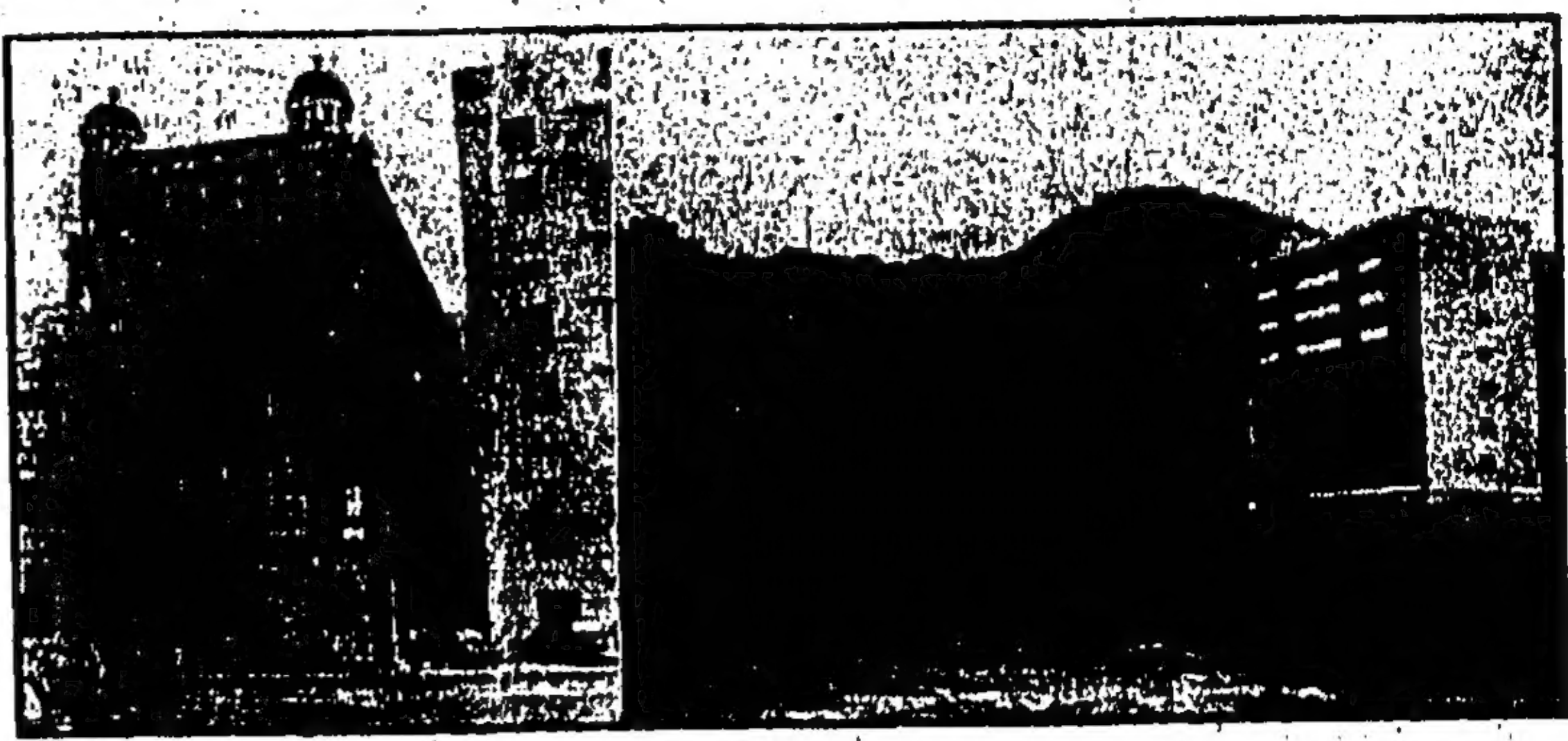
But while EDC still lives, there remains the hope that it may eventually be established in something like its existing form. The probable developments, it is now recognised are:

1. A delay of several weeks before the French Assembly votes on the EDC question.
2. Further negotiations between the six signatory states—France, Italy, West Germany and the Benelux countries—directed at significantly altering the present form of the treaty.—Reuter.

Both the British and United States Governments are on record as opposing further delays in a decision upon the treaty. President Eisenhower and the British Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, two months ago supported putting an end to the "present uncertainties", and expressed their conviction that "further delay in the entry into force of the EDC and Bonn treaties would damage the solidarity of the Atlantic nations."

These statements were made when the chances of the French National Assembly ratifying the treaty seemed better than they seemed today. It is possible that, if confronted with the prospects of certain defeat at an early vote of the Assembly, the United States might take a different attitude regarding a postponement until mid-September.—Reuter.

From The Old To The New



These pictures taken by our staff photographer show the old Police Headquarters on Connaught Road and the new one at Arsenal Yard. Now read of the trials and tribulations they are faced with next month when they move:—

M' Day (And A Headache) For HK Police Next Month

By A Staff Reporter

Moving house is an annoying job at the best of times. The doors are either too narrow or the cupboards too big—it depends which way you look at it.

The trouble is that you moved in such a long time ago and can't remember which end went first. Eventually you get around to thinking that maybe the house was built around the furniture.

Of course, the obvious solution is to burn the place down and collect the insurance. This method either gets you some nice new furniture or a few years to cool off from the effects of the fire.

But somehow, things usually work out in the end.

SUMPTUOUS BUILDING
Some of these problems faced the local Police this month when they planned Operation "Moving House" from Connaught Road headquarters to the sumptuous new \$10 million building half a mile or so east, scheduled for September 15.

But although their old headquarters may be sold over their heads next Friday, they will be in occupation for a few more weeks.

Their furniture has been given a professional look over and on "M" Day—September 15—dozens of little men will invade the Oriental Building down there in Connaught Road and seventy-odd executives, including the Commissioner, will be without desks, chairs and the inevitable files.

To catch up with their work they will have to rush around to the new building in Arsenal Yard. (Nothing to do with Scotland Yard.)
POLICE SURGEON TOO
On Saturday the Criminal Investigation Department's 85,000 doctors will take up residence. The Police Surgeon will be on this junket with the laboratory. A week later the Identification Bureau, complete with 150,000 fingerprints, and the Ballistics Expert will leave for their new home.

Immigration with a new working day move out on Sunday the 25th and then the old building will be empty.

O. C. Harbour and his launches will move direct from

Tsimshatsui, leaving Marine Division Headquarters on the present site.

The Arms section will come down from Central but it will not be until October that the Communications Branch is installed at Arsenal Yard.

About 500 persons will be involved in phase one. Phases two and three will take place when the building is completed some years hence.

TAILPIECE—By the way, that terra cotta facing is there to stay.

Bedside Hearing Likely For Shooting Case

Devizes, Aug. 27. A magistrate's court will probably convene next week at the hospital bedside of a seriously wounded peer alleged to have been shot by the middle-aged woman who was described as his mistress.

Mrs Mavis Wheeler, aged 40, was remanded in custody for a week by the magistrates here today after they heard preliminary evidence in an attempted murder charge.

Doctors said that London theatre impresario Lord Vivian, the man shot, was still not fit enough to give evidence so the hearing was adjourned. Lord Vivian is recovering from an

Summer Comes To Britain

London, Aug. 27. Most of Britain basked in warm sunshine today and some resorts had their warmest day of this year's almost non-existent summer.

Highest temperatures recorded were round about 76 degrees Fahrenheit.

Farmers as well as holiday makers hustled to take advantage of the long awaited fine weather. For some it was an all-out effort to recoup losses caused by the long, wet and cold spell. Others worked at top speed to save threatened crops while conditions remain good.—Reuter.

Arctic Triumph For US Navy

Northwest Passage Conquered

Washington, Aug. 27. The United States Navy claimed today that two American icebreakers had crashed their way through the ice-clogged western entrance of the legendary and long-sought Northwest passage in the Canadian Arctic.

The Navy announcement claimed that the icebreakers, the U.S.S. Burton Island, and the U.S.S. Northwind, were the first ships ever to negotiate the formerly impassable McClure Strait.

The ships were on a joint Canadian-United States oceanographic and hydrographic exploration of the area. The American Naval authorities said that it was believed that their feat would be of immense scientific value, although no commercial advantage could be seen at the moment.

The Burton Island crashed through the McClure Strait from east to west on August 21 to 18 and cut her way back again along the northern edge of strait, in three more days.

The Northwind entered the strait from the Arctic and ploughed its way along the southern edge from west to east on August 18 to 21. Both ships were equipped with helicopters. McClure Strait lies between Melville and Banks Islands and connects the Arctic Ocean with Viscous Melville Sound. It was named after a British naval captain, McClure, who in 1853 tried to get through the strait but was held in about halfway, at Mercy Bay.—Reuter.

Horse Kick Killed Scientist

Quebec, Aug. 27. Allen Paul Richards, British guided missile expert found fatally wounded near the Canadian armament and research establishment here on August 18, was killed by a kick from a horse, police said today. The police had earlier investigated the possibility that the 38-year-old scientist was murdered and that a small hole in his chin was caused by a bullet. But they said later that a post-mortem examination and laboratory tests on shoes worn by a horse in the grazing enclosure where Mr Richards was found, showed that he had been kicked in the jaw, and that a nail in the horse shoe caused the hole. Mr Richards died on August 21.—Reuter.

Tennis Players' Toast . . .

PINN'S No.1



When tennis first became the rage, Alricky, Pin's had some of age. And this convivial Cup was thought a vital adjunct to the sport. Our spectators were right in this. For man's idea of healthy living. When sporting in the summer sun. In Pin's No.1.

PINN'S No.1—the most refreshing drink of all. **BRANDY, GIN, RUM, WHISKY.**

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British Patents Registered

KING'S PRINCESS

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY



KING'S: MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.

SUNDAY

GREGORY PECK

in
"ONLY THE VALIANT"

MONDAY

JOHN WAYNE in
"OPERATION PACIFIC"

in Technicolor
Proceeds in aid of the
Kowloon Tsai Fire Victims

Presented by Warner Bros.

At Reduced Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

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The CASBAH!
SIN-CAPITAL
OF THE
WORLD!

STARRING
GLORIA GRAHAME • CESAR ROMERO
TURHAN BEY

Directed by EDWARD D. BAKER

Technicolor

PRINCESS TO-MORROW

EXTRA MORNING SHOWS

At 11.00 a.m.
Variety Programme of Technicolor Cartoons
by 20th Century-Fox

At Reduced Prices

At 12.20 p.m. South-East Asia Film Co.
present an all-mighty Indian picture
"AURAT"

Starring PREM NATH • BINA RAI
ULLHAS • HIRALAL • PURNIMA

With English Subtitles • At Regular Prices

MONDAY AUGUST 30, AT 11.30 A.M.
Tyrono POWER • Susan HAYWARD

"RAWHIDE"

With Hugh MARLOWE • Dean JAGGER • Edgar BUCHANAN • Jack ELAM
A Sensational 20th Century-Fox Film

At Reduced Prices

HOOVER NOW SHOWING

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40

EXTRA MORNING SHOW ON SUNDAY AT 12



HERRERT JAYATES
JOAN CRAWFORD
as the woman who loves
"JOHNNY GUITAR"

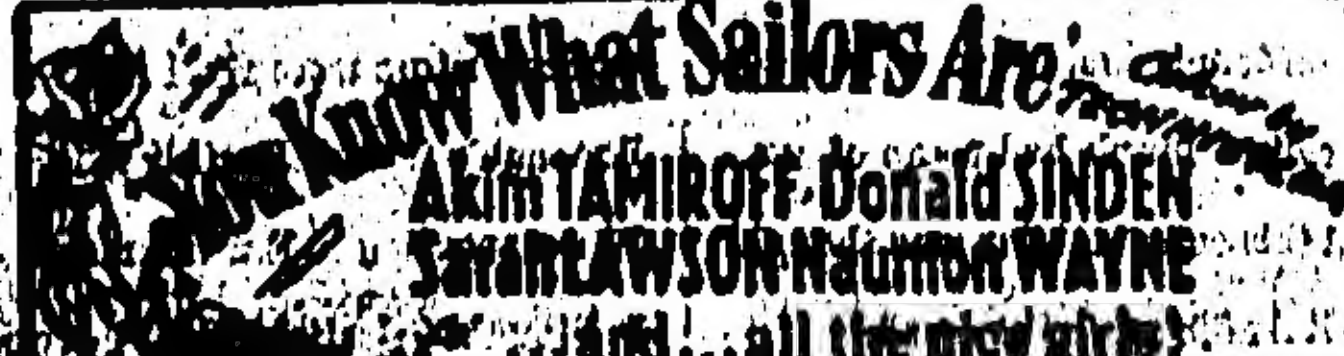
STERLING HAYDEN • MY REEDS • SCOTT BRADY
HAYDEN • McCAMBRIDGE • BRADY

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AT CONSOLIDATED PICTURE

Special Holiday Matinee on Monday at 12 Noon
WALT DISNEY'S "SNOW WHITE & THE 7 DWARFS"
Reduced Adm. Prices: \$1.00 & \$1.50

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC

AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.
20th Century-Fox
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 cts. & 40 cts.

FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

We just don't seem to be able to get away from westerns—there's another batch of them this week, beginning with the comparatively civilised "Johnny Guitar".

That's at the HOOVER and they have "Make Haste To Live" scheduled to follow on.

Then at the EMPIRE, after "The African Queen", their western is called "Fort Osage".

Following "The Seekers" at the LEE and GREAT WORLD we have the Seminole and Kiowa Indians featured in "War Arrow" and Gary Cooper, Richard Widmark and Susan Hayward fight the Apaches in "Garden of Evil" at the ROXY and BROADWAY.

The CAPITOL show after "Quo Vadis" will be a re-issue of "Green Dolphin Street" and then "Rose Marie".

After "Invaders From Mars", the KING'S and PRINCESS will show "Prisoners Of The Casbah", then "Beat The Devil". The latter will be playing at the same time at the EMPIRE. At the QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA, Fernandel in "Public Enemy Number One" will give way to "The Saracen Blade".

I wish I knew why Joan Crawford can go on year after year producing the same type of woman in a different setting each time and yet still manage to command one's interest. The test of a good film, be it musical, adventure, drama or comedy is whether or not it succeeds in holding your attention from start to finish. "Johnny Guitar" has many faults, but I think it accomplishes this—it captured and held mine.

Joan Crawford's face plastered with furs and feathers in the centre of the screen, eyes dilated, harsh mouth shouting bullying threats is a familiar shot that its intensity of her pictures, but even while you're marvelling at the lack of subtlety and deep feeling, you can't help but be carried along by the magic of this star's personality.

Which, I suppose, is what she has from being a great actress in the old-fashioned sense of the word. It's the Crawford personality coming out in every part. She's Mildred Crawford Pierce, Joan Crawford, Joan Crawford, in this case, Joan Crawford Crawford, every time.

Mercedes McCambridge who has the secondary feminine role in the picture, is much more of a dramatic actress than Joan Crawford. Yet the mechanics of her acting showed through in "Johnny Guitar" and she stole no scenes from the star.

Called upon subtly to work up the feelings of a posse to the pitch necessary to lynch Joan Crawford (owner of a gambling house) one felt that she was standing back admiring her performance to such an extent as to make it ludicrous.

I could have kicked the sheriff and his band of hypocrites for being swayed by such obvious soap boxing. And yet—I don't know—many mobs have been fired as easily. Perhaps it was my admiration for the Crawford personality that made me biased.

The quarrel between these two women is the motivating force behind the action of the picture.

Ostensibly, Scott Brady, in love with Vienna (Joan Crawford) and in turn half hated, half loved by Mercedes McCambridge is the bone of contention. But in reality it's the natural longing of a forceful woman, unattractive to men, for the same type who is.

Sterling Hayden, as Johnny Guitar, the soft spoken wanderer who hopes to reclaim Vienna

after a separation of five years, is most convincing. The fact that he's supposed to have been a notorious gunman in the past hasn't made him play the part as a hard-bitten hoodlum—the slight weakness in his character is allowed to show through and I thought he did very well.

The guitar music, and in fact the whole musical score contributes materially to the entertainment value of this picture. It's by Victor Young.

Before leaving Johnny Guitar, one or two clever points—the dramatic effect in this coloured film of the stark black and white of the clothes of the lynching party, coupled with Joan Crawford's all white billowing dress; the unexpected, unheralded blast of dynamite at the beginning of the film capturing the interest at the outset; the arresting shot of Vienna's bizarre gambling saloon apparently rising straight out of the desert.

FOR ONCE

For once, in "Fort Osage" a frontier scout isn't assigned to the U.S. Cavalry and his advice to the commander ignored. Amidst the battery of western artillery we've had and are having hurled at us, I can't help being impressed by the undoubted courage of the early settlers who headed west from the comparative comfort of the east to face the certain dangers of the wild Indian country that lay between them and the fertile lands of California.

It's like a brass toothpaste advertisement—sooner or later the barrage overwhelms you and against your will you have to be impressed.

My main quarrel with westerns is that they're usually so wildly improbable and contain such implausibly unreal characters that they're reduced to the level of a comic strip.

But with so many westerns so many westerns dying with the heat on in the middle of what must have been to them, terrifyingly alien barren country, I'm beginning to see why so many people are inspired by their bravery. After all, why shouldn't the film companies cash in on the most colourful patches of American history—the Indian wars and the Civil War.

In "Fort Osage", Rod Cameron is hired by two shady individuals to escort a wagon train from Fort Osage to California. In spite of being the leader of the expedition and as such, in position to decide when the wagon train should leave, he finds inexplicable delays at every turn. Our two friends who've hired him are of course at the back of it all, having wished on a deal to deliver certain goods to the Osage Indians in return for a guarantee of safety for the wagon train.

Guns blaze, villains plot, Indians whoop and eventually off we go on the trail to the west. Jane Nigh is the girl.

INTER-INDIAN

Maureen O'Hara has been in films quite some time—more years than she probably cares to remember—but she still radiates a freshness that some of the stars of the same vintage have lost somewhere along the road to fame.

She's in "War Arrow" with Jeff Chandler now. Not a role calling for great feats of histrionic talent, but she gives it with her own attractive brand of Irish charm.

It's Indian against Indian in "War Arrow", with Jeff Chandler as Major Brady, enlisting the help of the peaceful Seminoles against the warlike Kiowas.

The Seminoles were originally from the swamplands of Florida and I should have thought their remoteness in country unfamiliar to them, against an enemy on his home ground, would be limited. However, they seem to manage all right—and Jeff Chandler gets his girl.

For the first half of "Garden of Evil" I thought I was going

to have to dig deep into my box of superlatives to find words of praise adequate to describe it. The scenery was wonderful, Susan Hayward as a gold prospector's wife didn't have a single change of clothing, Gary Cooper's face while delivering a monotonous grunt, by way of dialogue was a joy to watch—all the thoughtfully deft touches of a really good movie were falling logically into the pattern designed for them.

Then, I'm afraid, I began to notice the odd corny touch here and there in the dialogue. And that, given that the trek from the Mexican seaport to the Garden of Evil was scheduled to take five days, it was beginning to seem as though the riders really would take that long to get there.

It was as though everyone had started out with an excellent idea, with a good cast, with the right medium for bringing both to the screen (Cinemascope) and then got a little overwhelmed half way through.

The story is about four men picked up by Leah in a sleepy little Mexican village. Three of them are waiting for their ship to be patched up sufficiently to take them on to the gold-fields of California. The other is a Mexican.

Her object is to get them to ride back with her into the interior where her husband is trapped, badly wounded, in his gold mine. Most of the film is spent in convincing us that this Leah is plenty much wiser than we are.

All the characters have lines of script to be delivered wonderingly, prudently, winkingly and forcefully, respectively, to this effect. Her own is spoken in a low, throaty voice, but is quite down to earth—nothing at all suggestive of the "hidden forces" she's supposed to possess.

Maybe you'll discover this elusive something—I'm still thinking about it.

Gary Cooper (although he and Richard Widmark are co-stars, he's obviously the one to be considered first) is big, strong, moving, slow talking and apart from telling Leah that he once was a sheriff, that's all we know about him.

Richard Widmark tells Gary Cooper that he's firstly a gambler and secondly a poet. I think he must have been fooling about the second.

Cameron Mitchell is a tricky young fellow, a cross between Dane Clark and John Garfield to look at and with the same truculent "I'm a tough boy—see" attitude towards everyone.

Victor Manuel Mendoza is a little Mexican. All four are supposed to infer that they're pretty bad medicine for a lone woman to ride the jungles and mountains of Mexico with, but instead of the obvious happening, we have the youngster bubbling and chastened by Cooper; Widmark

twirling Cooper for defending her honour, yet volunteering to stay behind to face certain death from the Apaches so that the rest can get away, and snarling husband riding off at a la Oates of the Antarctic to give the others a better chance of survival.

And it's not the best in men that Susan Hayward's supposed to bring out either!

RESOURCEFUL GIRL

"Prisoners Of The Casbah" is a fairly true to type adventure-romance with that rather handsome, if a trifle fleshy, young man Turhan Bey treating the particular Middle Eastern princess of the picture in a rather unconvincing way.

I'm happy to say the whole thing's not handled too seriously and of its kind it's a nice little film with lots of shapely, scantily clad harem lovelies and a very luxurious oasis around which they drape themselves.

Our princess is a resourceful girl incidentally. When she's forced to marry the handsome captain of her father's guard (she hates him because he treats her as the spoiled brat she is) in order to guarantee their safety among the tough citizens of the Casbah to which they've fled after the murder of her father, she makes sure he lives up to the platonic element of the marriage by keeping a make in the bedroom!

There's quite a warm little scene though when she capitulates (as of course we know she would).

What a source of inspiration the Casbah is to film makers—no town should be without one. Oh, I'm sorry, so carried away was I with the captain of the guard that I forgot to mention the princess's name. She's delightfully played by Gloria Grahame. I apologise, your Highness.

CHANGE FOR BETTA

Betta St John has at last got a part in which she doesn't have to impersonate a native girl.

In "The Saracen Blade" which, I believe, though I haven't read it, is a best seller by Frank Yerby who wrote "The Foxes of Harrow", she's the daughter of a Baron Roghno.

The Crusades of the story having taken place in the 13th century, Frank Yerby was on fairly safe ground when he invented the bold baron and married his daughter to an assassin who had stolen her from the son of the man he had murdered.

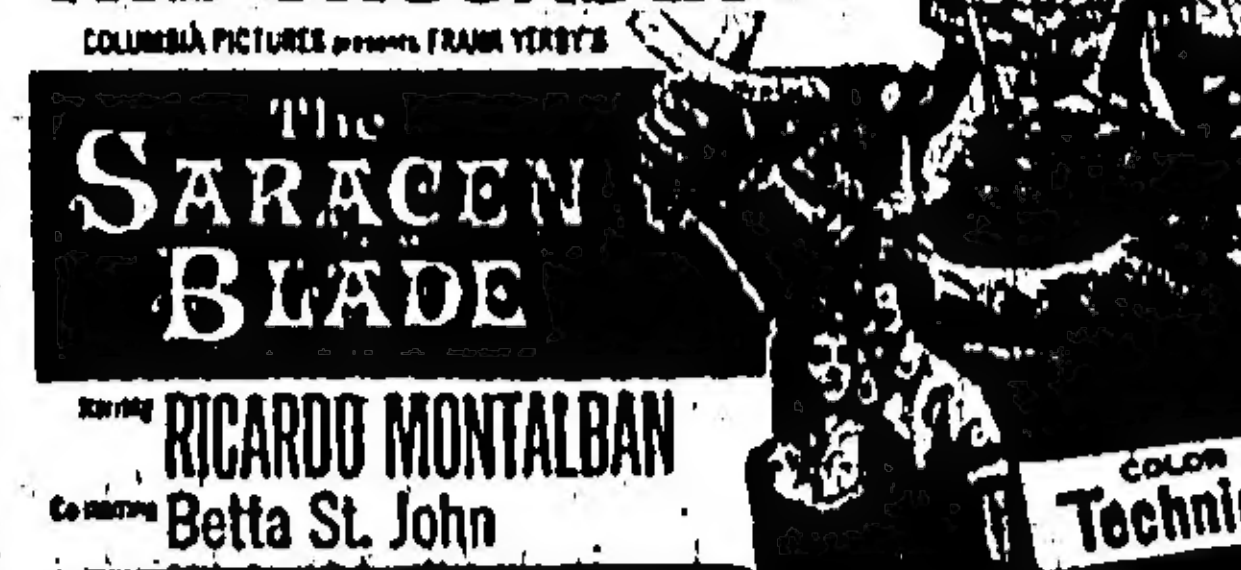
It's a bit involved, but as it's labelled a Technicolor swash-buckler by the people who made it, you won't bother too much with the plot—the action's the thing.

Ricardo Montalban is the man who gallops off to fight the Saracens when his girl friend is married by the murderer of his father, and the killer himself is Rick Jason.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

THE ROMANCE...THE SPECTACLE...THE GLORY OF
THE CRUSADES!



Starring RICARDO MONTALBAN
Co-starring Betta St. John

QUEEN'S: — 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW —
Extra Performance At 11.30 a.m.

ALHAMBRA

TO-MORROW MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

WB's Technicolor Hit with Gary Cooper

"DISTANT DRUMS"

Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70c.

MONDAY MORNING AT 11.30 A.M.

Warner Bros.

VARIETY PROGRAM

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Special Times At 11.00 a.m., 2.15, 5.40 & 9.00 p.m.

ON WIDE SCREEN



Starring DEBORAH KERR • ROBERT TAYLOR

Technicolor

EMPIRE

FINAL TO-DAY 3 SHOWS ONLY

At 2.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



Starring HUMPHREY BOGART • KATHARINE HEPBURN

ON THE STAGE AT 9.30 P.M.

"MOTHER GOOSE"

A BALLET IN 5 ACTS

In Aid of

MISSION TO LEPERS & H.K.S.P.C.A.

COMMENCING TO-MORROW



Starring ROD CAMERON • CINECOLOR

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW, AT 12.30 P.M.

TYRONE POWER

in

"RAWHIDE"

At Reduced Prices \$1.00 & 70 Cts.

ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

ON GIANT PANORAMIC SCREEN



Starring ALFRED HITCHCOCK • RAY MILLAND

GRACE KELLY • ROBERT CUMMINGS

SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION

Warner Bros. Parade of COMING FILMS

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW FOR MOVIES AT 11.30 A.M.

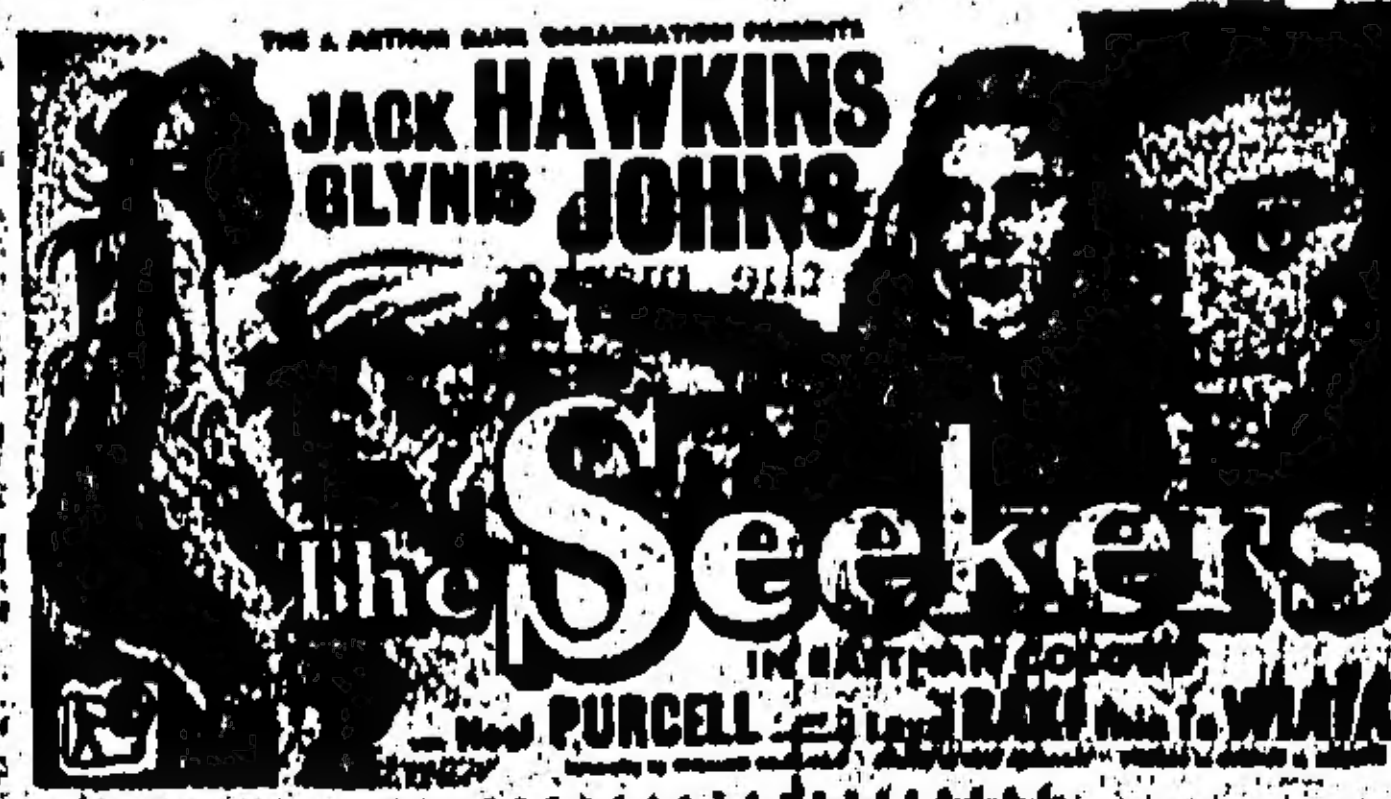
THE THREE STOOGES VARIETY PRO

LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

EXTRA PERFORMANCE TO-MORROW
LEE: "THE SEEKERS"
At 12.00 Noon



Starring JACK HAWKINS • Glynis Johns

GREAT WORLD

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOON

ROXY & BROADWAY

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Going to length of picture please note change of times:
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.



Starring RICHARD WIDMARK

ADDED ATTRACTION: Cinemascope Short Subject

"THE SYMPHONY" In Technicolor

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow

Extra Performance at 12 Noon

BROADWAY: 5 Shows on Mon. 30th Aug.

Extra Performance at 12 Noon

BOOK EARLY TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT!

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



EVA BARTOK fulfilled one of her ambitions when she played a short scene from Bernard Shaw's "St Joan" in the BBC television service. This is how the film star looked in her part. (Express)



LORD RUSSELL of Liverpool, who has resigned his post as Assistant Judge Advocate General because he refused to suppress his book about German war crimes, "The Scourge of the Swastika." (Express)



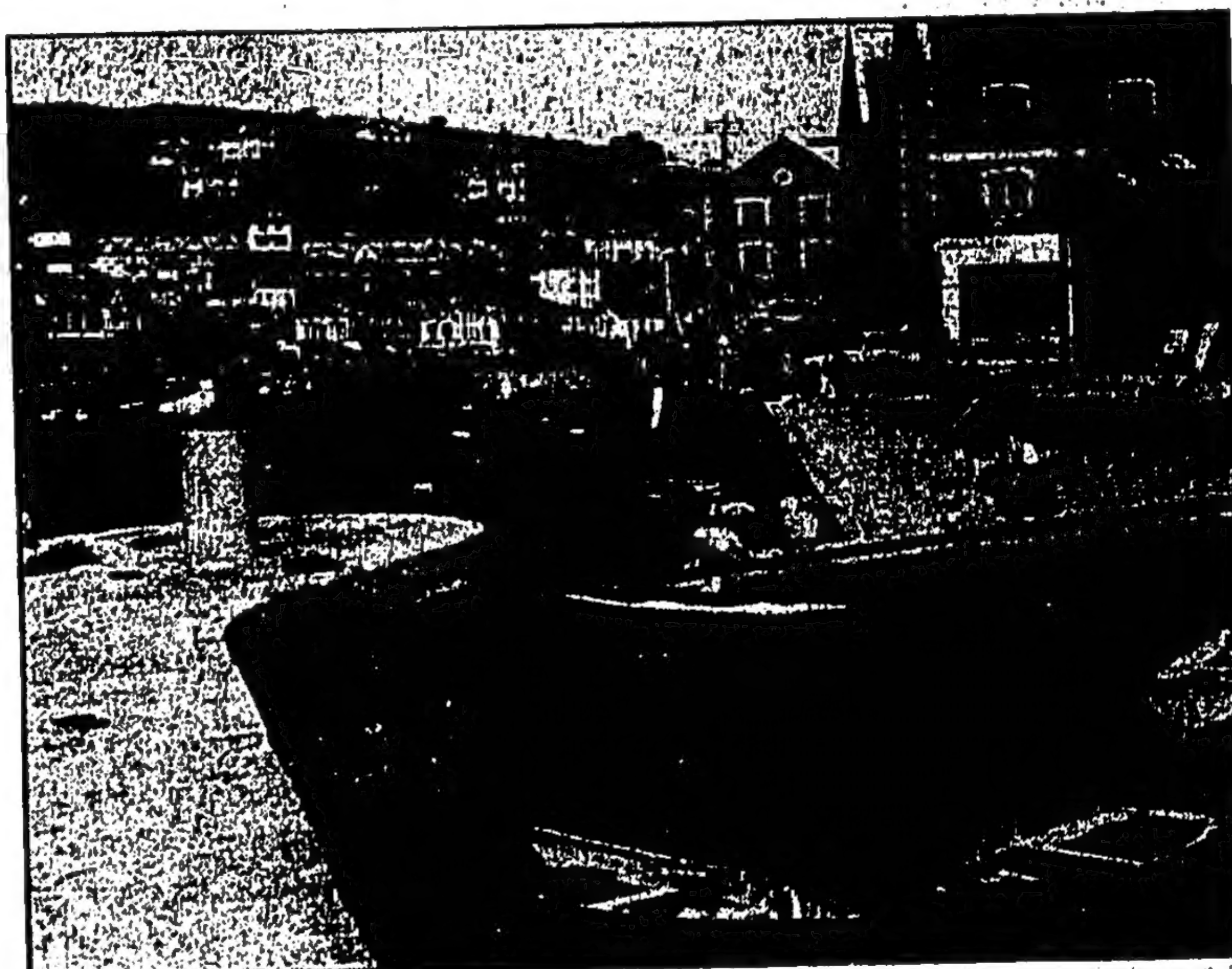
PRINCESS MARGARET arriving for divine service at the 18th century Traquair church, near Innerleithen, Peeblesshire. She was a guest of Lord and Lady Glenconner for the week-end. (Express)



DR Roger Bannister, winner of the Mile Race in the Empire Games, and Jim Peters, who collapsed near the finishing line in the Marathon, wave to the crowd at Peters' home, Chadwell Heath. Also in picture are Peters' wife and two children.



LEFT: One of the oldest wildfowling still at work is 80-year-old Walter Linnet of Bradwell-on-the-Sea, near Burnham, Essex. He has lived all his life there, still shoulders his 10 bore gun and is a fine shot on the marshes.



RIGHT: Despite the uncertain weather, holiday-makers from all over Britain are enjoying the scenic beauty of Cornwall. Typical of the many quaint harbours along this coast is Looe, pictured here painted with sunshine.



BRITAIN'S youngest millionaire is 26-year-old Leonard Wolfson, son of Isaac Wolfson, boss of the Great Universal Stores organisation. (Express)

BELOW: Exhibition by the Post Office Art Club of Great Britain near the churchyard of Christchurch, Greyfriars, London. (Express)



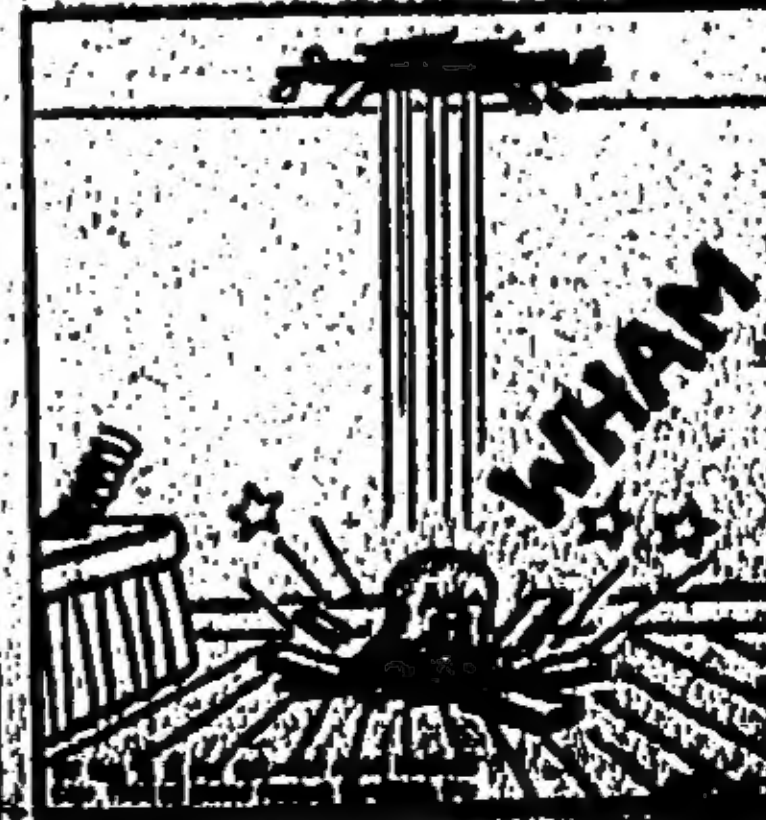
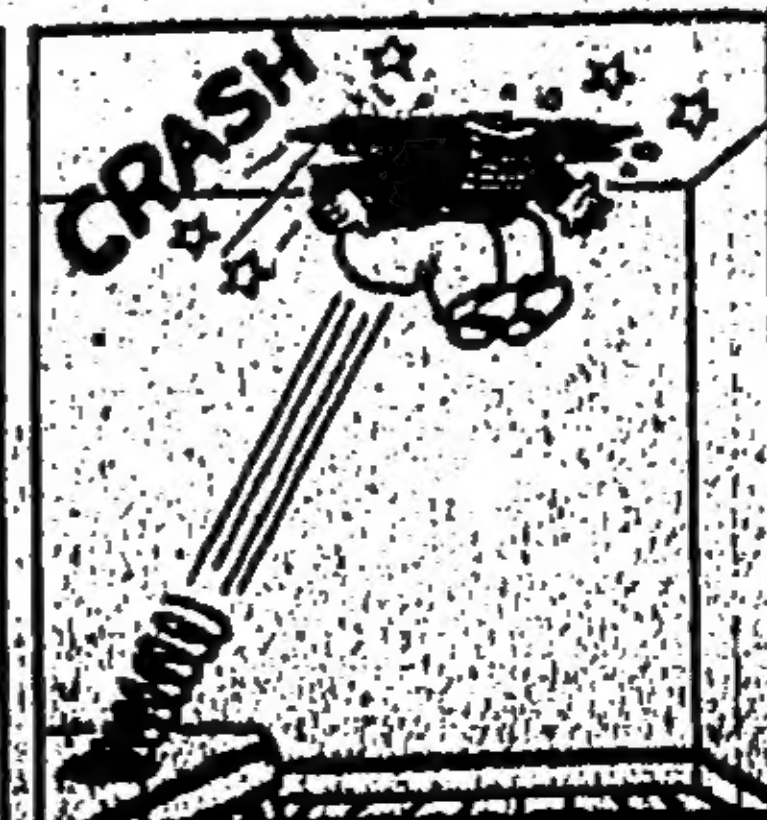
LORD and Lady St Levan have given their lovely island home, St Michael's Mount, off Marazion (Penzance) Cornwall, to the National Trust. Above is a new view of St Michael's Mount from the mainland.

FIVE of the 19 American college girls who have arrived in London on a £700, nine-country tour of Europe. They are Ann Patrick, Rose Montgomery, Betty Forbes, Sally Wood McMullen and Charita Ballard. (Express)



AT the annual conference of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff at Camberley. Left to right: Gen. C. L. de W. Du Toit, Chief of the South African General Staff; Lt-Gen. Sir Sydney Rowell, Chief of the Australian General Staff; Field Marshal Sir John Harding, CIGS; Lt-Gen. G. G. Simonds, Chief of the Canadian General Staff; Gen. Maharaja Shri Rajendra Singhji, C-in-C, India; Gen. Mohammed Ayubkhan, C-in-C, Pakistan; and Brig. L. W. Thornton, New Zealand Army Liaison Staff.

NANCY





"Marvellous thing, football. All the summer we've been getting 'Can't take you and the children out today—it's raining.'" London Express Service

THE PROBLEMS FACING SEATO

ASIA'S POLITE PAPER FLAG WAR

By James Wickenden

AS Chou and his guests drink beside the pavilions where Yehonala, last and greatest Empress reigned from China's Dragon Throne, thousands of red paper flags bearing a yellow star flutter round Saigon.

So, while Peking goes gay with fried duck-skin and champagne, Southeast Asia's Communists surround another capital city, this time with banners instead of guns.

The polite propaganda war has begun.

The Communists are winning the first round on the eve of next month's Asian defence planning in Baguio—just as they won the battle of Dien Bien Phu in a thunder of gunfire before Geneva.

Their tactics are new. So are their aims.

They cannot plead any more that they fight colonial rule—because the French are going. But Vietnam, divided by Geneva's armistice line, wants unity.

The Communists say they can provide this quicker than anyone else.

Chief Rival

CHIEF Communist rival for the 1955 elections to unite Vietnam under one government is Emperor Bao Dai. All the hate the Communists once fired at the French they pour exclusively on Bao—an Asian and an emperor.

In Siam and Burma also the Communists will have to unseat not Western colonial rulers—but Asians in power. The Communists can no longer be champions of anti-colonialism.

They are becoming saboteurs of Asian governments. While the Communists are busy with their new task, they want to keep the West as far away as possible. Geneva sent the Chinese packing out of Indo-China, so now there are no Western armies to face. That is how the Communists want to keep it.

Another side to the new tactics is thus the "anti-Western base" war of words. It is the new form of "anti-colonialism". This began at Geneva when China insisted that no Western bases were to be set up in Cambodia and Laos. It appears in another form in the present anti-colonial war in Indo-China.

The new cordiality between Peking and Britain is probably aimed partly to help the "anti-base" campaign. Peking, however, does not merely aim vaguely to divide Britain from the United States. Peking has definite reasons for dividing the great powers.

China appears to have a plan staggering in its vastness and detail.

Behind the fuss and furore of the Indo-China war, China has quietly begun building a great network of roads and railways to run in a 3,000-mile arc north of the Himalayas and the mountains round Burma from Tibet in the west to Hanoi and Haiphong in the south-east.

Life-lines

THESE lines will be connected by other lines, some already existing, through Lanchow, Chungking, Kunming, and Nanking to central and north China. In west and south China—near the Indo-China border region—there will also be a large-scale industrial programme rivaling Manchuria's.

What this means in relation to Formosa and newly-won Vietnam is plain from a glance at the map.

First, China will no longer need to fear that American sea-power could

interrupt China's north-south life-lines which at present run round the coast past Formosa.

Second, China could move forces from close to north Kashmir by way of an interior communication system.

And, instead of bombers threatening Kunming, for example, from Hanoi at a range of 350 miles, the nearest Western base is now Formosa, 800 miles away from the railway arc.

No Violence

BUT that is still too close, so Formosa too must be neutralised.

To succeed in both the "anti-base" policy and the paper flag war—now kingpins of Communism's long-term moves in Asia—the Communists know they must step softly. Violence is taboo, unless an attack on Formosa can be presented as a purely Chinese business with which the West has no concern.

And the smear campaign is the chosen weapon for the immediate task of securing Vietnam and undermining the governments of Siam and Burma. It is strictly legal—quite democratic in its non-violence—and also effective.

Already the Vietminh are jubilant with their success at politics and persuasion. The Vietnamese are resigned

to Communist rule now and listen to Ho Chi Minh more than ever.

The Vietnam Army has deserted in thousands to leave around Hanoi barely ten battalions of troops where once there were 28. Out of Hanoi's 340,000, only 15,000 or so now appear willing to evacuate into Nationalist south Vietnam. The great exodus from the Communist north into the Nationalist south by American and French airlift will be smaller than the French hoped.

Also, more and more Catholics, once staunch anti-Communists, are choosing to stay and accept inevitable Communist rule.

Bao Dai has lost much of his prestige. Many one-time Nationalists call him the lazy emperor; he seems to have stirred himself so little while his country was severed at Geneva.

New Borders

JUST now the Vietminh are so optimistic of gaining all Vietnam long before the elections that they have formed an alternative administration to take over Saigon, capital of Vietnam. Its offices stand a few miles outside the city among the red paper banners.

With Vietnam falling easily into their hands, the Communists look over their new borders into four

states: Siam, Burma, Laos and Cambodia. They total four-and-a-half times the area of Vietnam with a combined population of over 40 million.

To stop them moving into these areas—via local unrest—is the first task of SEATO, which is to be set up next month in the Philippines. The SEATO powers, however, must shape their strategy to meet both the long-range "anti-base" talk from Peking as well as the paper flag war in South-east Asia.

Straight Fight

LIKE the Communists, SEATO too must avoid arousing Asian suspicion of interference. But SEATO has an additional handicap. Only one of the threatened countries, Siam, has, so far, agreed to come into SEATO.

But in SEATO's favour is the very fact that it is on the way at last. It will be the first combined Asian and Western effort to stem Communism. The chances of its success, therefore, cannot be gauged by the past. The French exodus from Indo-China may suit the Communists. But it also clears the way for SEATO.

Colonialism no longer confuses the issue. That issue now starkly appears as a straight fight between independent Asian governments and their local Communist-inspired opponents.

LAND OF THE "SMORREBROD"

By Joyce Barrington

BRITONS seeking holidays abroad are flocking in greater and greater numbers to Denmark. This may be some repayment for the interest the Danes took in Britain nearly a thousand years ago. Then they temporarily "annexed" Britain and added her to the 500 other islands which, with the mainland, comprise the Danish Kingdom.

Today, Denmark is one of the happiest little lands in the world.

Denmark is usually associated with three very different topics—fairy stories, Shakespeare and bacon.

The immortal Hans Andersen was born in a small town just outside Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, in 1805.

Denmark has ample right to be proud of her 200,000 farms. They are models of efficient husbandry and provide the best of Danish bacon.

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She uses oil power in nearly every phase of her national life, and her oil consumption was around 2,000,000 tons in 1953, more than twice the pre-war level.

As regards private life, the Danes are great letter writers—on average each person writes 100 letters every year—and staunch trenchermen. Visitors are sometimes at first startled by the formidable "Smorrebrod"—a thick slice of bread, lavishly buttered, on which is piled whatever is forming the dish in question.

This is generally washed down by another of Denmark's specialties—a smolder of cold sparkling lager beer.

Undoubtedly there is a dash of magic about the country. Its friendly people, its beautiful old towns, its wealth of scenery, make it a most attractive place to visit.

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Munrospun, white \$40.00

SPORTS SHIRTS.

Radiac, quiet checks, \$ 10.00
Aertex, loud checks, \$ 10.00
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HONOUR at STAKE No.1

by Edgar Lustgarten

DID JIMMY THOMAS BETRAY THE BUDGET SECRETS?

ON April 9, 1956, the Chancellor of the Exchequer disclosed in secret to his Ministerial colleagues what proposals were contained in his forthcoming Budget, due for presentation within a fortnight's time. On April 10, 11, 12 and 13—being Easter week-end—the Colonial Secretary, Mr. J. H. Thomas, spent a golden and social holiday with a certain Mr. Bates, one of his closest friends. As soon as the City resumed business on April 14, Mr. Bates insured against a rise in income-tax.

On April 21—Budget Day itself—Mr. Thomas received a morning call in his private room from Sir Alfred Butt, MP, another intimate friend. As soon as Sir Alfred returned to his own office, he, too, insured against a rise in income-tax, and also against a rise in the duty upon tea.

Gossip grew

A FEW hours later the Budget became public property. Three-pence more on income-tax, 2d. more on tea. Now there is an extremely common form of faulty reasoning which professional logicians, in their slangy style, refer to as the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

It means, though, nothing more abstruse than this: the elementary error of assuming that, if one occurrence follows upon another, the earlier is cause and the latter is effect. I had strawberries for lunch, I had stomach-ache, therefore, the strawberries gave me stomach-ache. The Conservative (or Socialist) rule, and unemployment rises; therefore Conservative (or Socialist) policy produces unemployment.

Mind, these inferences are far from being excluded. The strawberries may have given you stomach-ache. Conservative (or Socialist) policy may have produced unemployment. But evidence in support of these conclusions must be sought, to rely upon the mere sequence of events is to invite derisive scorn from the logicians by committing the fallacy of post hoc propter hoc.

The post hoc propter hoc brigade swiftly got to work when gossip flew around—as gossip in financial circles almost always does—about those successful pre-Budget operations. The proud detectives call it putting two and two together, being unable, by one-and-a-half, Bates had first seen the Colonial Secretary; then had correctly forecast a major Budget change. But had first seen the Colonial Secretary; then had correctly forecast two major Budget changes. Therefore.

The imputations of a leakage hourly grew in volume, and ultimately reached the ears of the Minister himself.

Jimmy Thomas—known thus affectionately to millions—was an outstanding figure in British public life. Starting his career as an ordinary worker on the railways, he had come up into politics through a hard trade-union school and achieved for himself popularity and esteem that transcended party and sectional divisions.

He was shocked

YOU could disagree with Jimmy; you could fight his ideas tooth and nail; but you could hardly fail to like and admire the man himself. Not just because he was humorous. Not just because he was genial. Not just because of his shrewdness and tact and common sense. But above all because beneath a slightly flippant surface, one could discern a deep integrity.

That is not to say that Jimmy Thomas had no weaknesses. Gambling was with him a dominant passion: whether it took the form of betting on a horse, or buying and selling shares upon the Stock Exchange. Gambling is no crime, and the English, gamblers born, are the last to reprobate it.

Had Jimmy Thomas been a private citizen, his proclivity would have been looked upon as amiable and endearing—and, indeed, his personal gambling

transactions never created trouble and never inflicted harm. But the practice threw him into the company of men more acquisitive than himself—and therein lay the seeds of his political undoing.

When Thomas learned of the rumour that he was current, he was deeply shocked, and at once asked the Premier for an impartial inquiry. Simultaneously the Chairman of Lloyd's informed the Government that the amount of insurance taken out in the days before the Budget seemed disproportionate.

ordinary lot of a senior Minister, he appeared at the tribunal and asserted earnestly that he had spoken about the Budget to nobody at all. More than that he manifestly could not say. "I simply did not do it," he repeated. "No advance knowledge of the Budget came from me."

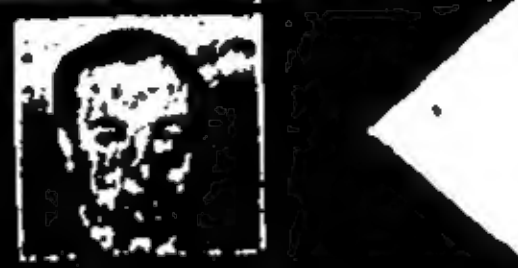
"You saw Bates, though, constantly during Easter," said the chairman. "Certainly." "Whatever the fact may be, you had ample opportunity to tell him about the Budget?"

"followed immediately after that holiday at Easter."

Which was merely post hoc propter hoc translated into English. The juxtaposition of dates did not solve the basic problem: was it all, as Bates and Butt averred, sheer coincidence?

There were factors of conduct, however, that weighed more heavily; not factors in Jimmy Thomas's conduct, but in that of Bates and Butt. They had taken unusual pains to mask their own identities in their several transactions. They had

Acc criminologist Edgar Lustgarten begins a new series on some of the most astounding cases ever heard



"I could have told anyone," came the justifiable answer.

"Was there any discussion of financial matters of any kind during Easter?"

Jimmy Thomas slowly shook his head.

"I don't remember any."

"Financial questions at that time were of considerable importance?"

"Obviously."

"And Bates's insurance transaction," observed the chairman,

worked—contrary to their custom—through nominees. And Butt, after his visit to Thomas, had reversed his previous trend; till that moment, he had been laying against a rise in income-tax.

The tribunal deemed it a case of not only post hoc propter hoc, and they reported their opinion that, in both instances, Mr. Thomas had made an unauthorized disclosure.

The inquiry itself had already impelled his resignation, "the way in which my private affairs have been bandied about," he

said, "renders my continuance as a member of the Government impossible." The findings rendered impossible any thought of his return, and, thus, in this unhappy manner, ended a most honourable and valuable career.

But how?

IT would be foolish to challenge the unanimous conclusion—formed after noting every witness's demeanour—reached by three of the most acute and experienced and responsible legal minds in England. One must accept the disclosure as a fact. But in what circumstances exactly were they made?

That remains ever open to conjecture. Disclosures may be made deliberately—or by inadvertence. A bantering retort to a semi-bantering question, a statement intended to be wholly non-committal but which gives something away that the speaker does not realise, even a miscalculated gesture or grimace—any and all may serve as a clue for those on the look out.

Whether the truth in this case may be found in these alternatives I would not presume even to suggest. But that Jimmy Thomas willfully and wickedly betrayed the secrets of the Budget I do not believe.

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Next Saturday

The man who played cards with the Prince of Wales.

MAJORCA REVISITED

By IAN MERCER

BRITISH holidaymakers who have visited Majorca—and there must be many of them, for they are said to number more than 50,000 every year—will doubtless be sorry to hear that in the course of the past month or two several of the antiquities which made the place 'so different' have vanished forever.

The picturesque old bus from Palma to La Vilella, for instance, that was known far and wide as the 'death-watch beetle' (propelled by energy supplied from a wood-burning oven attached precariously to the rear) has been replaced by a newly-painted, petrol-driven job which has only been on and off the road since about 1929. For this part of the world, that's the dernier cri in modern transport.

The tram, from the capital to the fashionable suburb of C'as Catala, that served the best of the seaside hotels, has been taken off before it fell off, and in its stead a fine 'new' bus (1931 model) now accomplishes in twenty minutes a journey which used to take fifty, when, as seldom happened, it kept to schedule. (On an average the current failed twice a day, and the vehicle never got through a morning without leaving the tracking at least once.)

The fleet of archaic buses connecting Palma and Andraitx, an unspoiled little town of tremendous charm along the coast, which has turned many a tourist's

thoughts nostalgically to that distant past when war was unknown and no income tax negligible, is slowing being taken out of commission. The snub-nosed monsters, bought second-hand from abroad, which are appearing in their place, hardly ever break down, and citizens of Andraitx, accustomed to spending not less than a couple of hours stretched out in the ditch while the driver scratched his head and wondered what on earth to do with an engine apparently on the point of exploding, complain bitterly that efficiency is all very well, but how are they going to spend the time saved?

The typical Mallorquin bars—so cosy, so dirty and so cheap—still exist, it's true, but in every part of the island there are springing up like mushrooms overnight those 'brassy joints'—as the Yanks call them—which, to the simple inhabitants, seem to stand for all that's meretricious in the hydrogen bomb era in which they realise to their dismay, they too, are condemned to live out their lives.

The cinemas, where one used to see films that carried one right back to the green years of youth, now—believe it or not—are showing 3D pictures. One of them, 'La Tunica Sagrada' (The Robe), has been playing to packed houses for two months. So, in one thing anyway, the Mallorquins see eye to eye with their transatlantic allies.

Again thanks to the Americans, the ancient guns which until quite recently formed this strategically important island's chief means of defence against a possible aggressor, are at last

being carted away to the scrap heap, and the shattering roar of their successors is often to be heard as enthusiastic artillery experts try out the latest and best engines of destruction from the New World.

Frequently—as you see an islander shudder when they go off, a sign that anxiety neurosis (one of the curses of our age) has finally come to plague Majorca.

This, no doubt, accounts for the arrival of two psychiatrists and the sudden popularity of such books as 'How To Live Without Being Afraid.' In the old days, the Mallorquins knew how to do that without having to read about it.

However, the march of time has not yet caught up all along the line. Genoa, Palma's most delightful residential quarter, with its tiny but exquisite museum, can still only be reached by tram (forty minutes when it doesn't break down), or taxi (quarter of an hour in one of the modern jobs, twenty-five minutes if nothing but a pre-1914 chariot happens to be on the rank.)

The electric train still 'runs' to Soller; the 'puffing Billy' that connects Palma with Manacor has not yet been relegated to a museum; covered wagons ply daily for hire along the water-front; visitors may (and do) buy drinks from the horse-drawn cante 'moulong'; the most photographed object of its kind in the erstwhile 'Island of Calm' and shorts and off-the-shoulder creations (in the capital, at least) are as unsanctioned as ever they were.

Last, but by no means least, prices, though a trifle higher than they were last year, are still substantially lower than anywhere else in the world. How long they'll remain so, of course, is anybody's guess.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



Concluding: Nature's Poison Punches

THE STINGERS

By IVAN T. SANDERSON

SEVERAL deaths have been reported as a result of what may be called "underwater fire" off the coasts of East Africa, Persia, Florida and Australia.

The most horrible case occurred in August 1949 when a ten-year-old boy named Brian McNamara was swimming with his father off the coast of Queensland. He swam into a giant jellyfish whose tentacles closed around him. Its myriad tiny lashes stung his skin and, although his father thrashed a n d pounded at the great mass of pulsing stuff, its poison killed the boy. The animal let go and swam away.

The boy had not died, it was subsequently learned, from fright or heart failure but from acute neurotoxic poisoning. In fact, the jellyfish had done just as deadly a job as any snake could have achieved.

The animals that inhabit this earth can be divided into a number of different and distinct classes or groups, each of which differs from all others in many and often almost all ways, but for the fact that all are alive. The variety seems endless and yet there is among them, more closely one examines them, all some appearance of order.

One of the most important groups is known to everybody,

their transparent bodies are some hazy loops, often coloured pale blue.

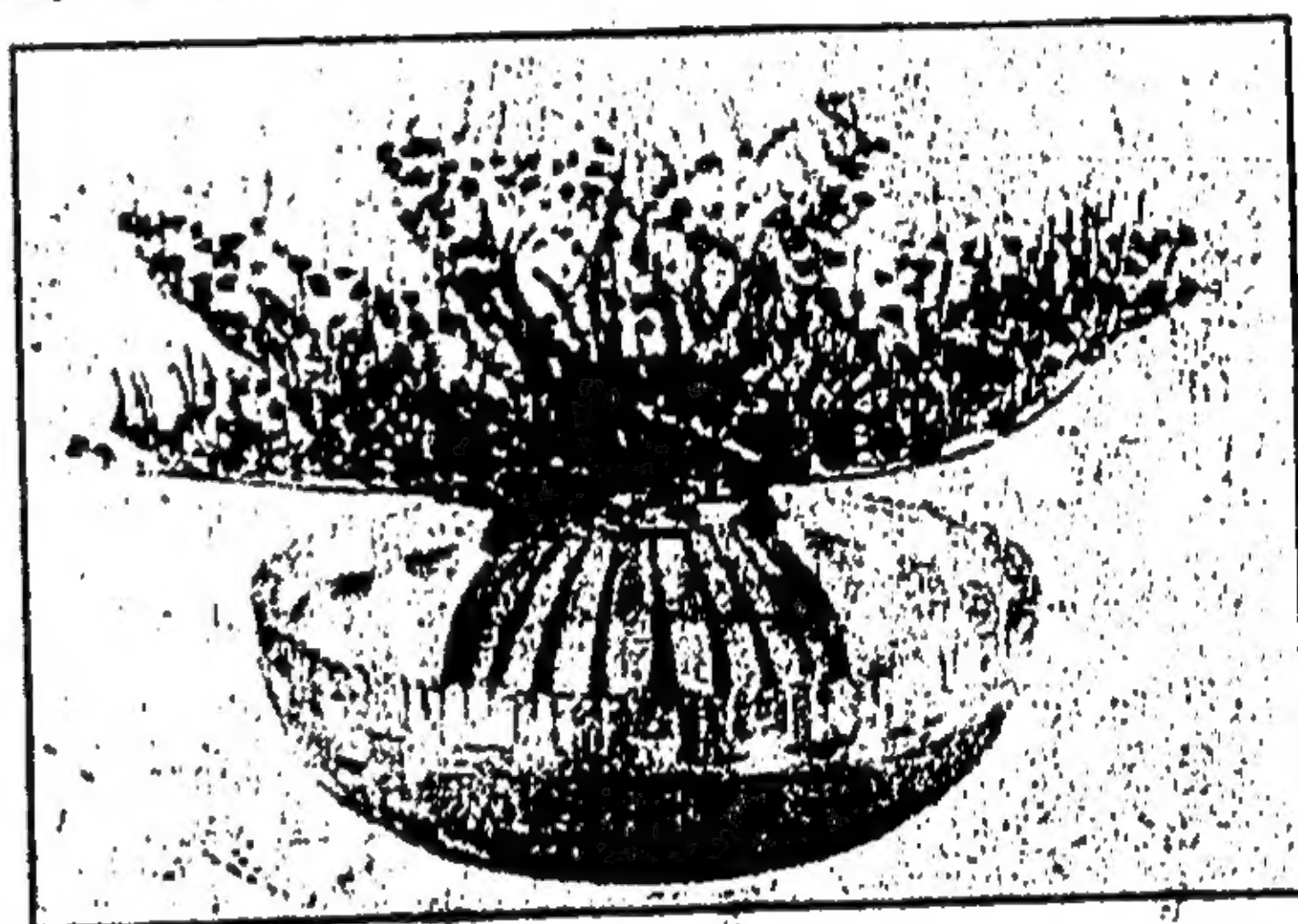
These strange things are born of the sea and when they die go back to it, but when they are washed ashore, they just melt into a mass of jelly-like stuff and disappear. Nevertheless, they lead most complicated lives.

The real animal is actually a sort of plant-like thing that grows attached to a rock, or other underwater object, on a short pedestal. This elongates like a trumpet, having an open mouth at the top surrounded by tentacles. Eventually, this whole thing develops rings at regular intervals throughout its length. These rings become deepened all around just as if a belt had been tightened around each. Finally, these rings slice the whole animal into disc-shaped pieces which then float away, turn upside-down, develop their own sets of tentacles and start to swim as "jellyfish." Most of these animals spend the major part of their lives in the form we know.

Jellyfish and their relatives are so called for very odd little structures, like tiny glands, on certain parts of their skin. These are little cups, or, rather, flasks, with narrow openings on the surface of the animal, in which a minute bulb floats in a special liquid.

This bulb is attached to the lining of the flask at the bottom, and has a long thread at the other end.

This thread or lash is normally coiled up inside the flask with



It looks like a lovely light fixture, but it's a plant-like zoophyte capable of inflicting a serious poison punch.

but seldom ever recognised as being a form of living creature. It is more often seen in the form of blocks of stone forming our buildings, as islands in the tropic seas, or as trinkets hung around the necks of our women-folk. The group—though known respectively as limestone, atolls, and coral—has, however, not even a popular name in our language.

This vast host of animals, varying in size from considerably less than a pinhead to the mass of jelly larger than the greatest man or largest bird that ever lived, and weighing over half a ton, can only be called "zoophytes" or, literally, "plant-like animals." It includes the corals, the exquisite anemones and the jellyfish. Now, jellyfish are very queer creatures indeed, and it is probable that no more than one person in a million has ever seen a full-grown one, while only a very few more know what the adult form of the animal looks like.

The semi-transparent, umbrella-shaped things that we do know, which are seen floating about in the sea, are only the larvae or half-developed young of the beasts. What is more, although they look like nothing very much more than jelly, they are really quite complicated beasts with a sort of primitive blood system, nerves, eyes and other sense organs, stomachs, and all the other paraphernalia of more solid creatures. Jellyfish, as we know them, swim about the sea near the surface, often in countless millions, by opening and closing their umbrellas and, as they pump along, a bunch of tentacles usually hangs from the place where an umbrella's shaft would be, or from the edge of the circular mantle, and stream out behind. All one can see in be deadly.

There are kinds of jellyfish, known as "Portuguese man-of-war," that blow up their bright blue bodies and sail over the surface of the ocean with little gelatinous, semi-circular sails which they raise above the waves and which have even more virulent nematocysts. These are large enough to be seen with the naked eye and are stung along great trailing tentacles that depend from the animal. Sufficient stings from these have been known to incapacitate a swimming man so that strength failed him and he drowned.

So you see that despite the simplicity of the beast, you should always beware, for almost any creature may carry within the powerful poison punch that circular mantle, and stream out behind. All one can see in be deadly.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

Presenting the Tudor Oyster Prince

For the man whose purse is modest, yet whose aspirations are high, Rolex of Geneva have specially commissioned the Tudor Oyster Prince.

In many respects, the amazing Tudor Oyster Prince matches the most expensive wrist-watches. For Rolex of Geneva have endowed this watch with the famous Oyster waterproof case and the infallible "rotor" self-winding mechanism.

Thus we have a magnificent watch, thoroughly waterproofed, automatically wound, yet priced at a moderate level.

Rolex of Geneva have submitted the Tudor Oyster Prince to the most rigorous tests ever devised for a self-winding wrist-watch. So impressive were the results of these tests, that it has been decided to make them the subject of a world-wide advertising campaign. The first advertisement in this series is reproduced below.

For those of your customers who look longingly at a Rolex Perpetual, but lack the means to buy one, show them the Tudor Oyster Prince. In its field, this is undoubtedly the finest watch Swiss skill and experience have ever produced. It is retailed to the public, as illustrated.

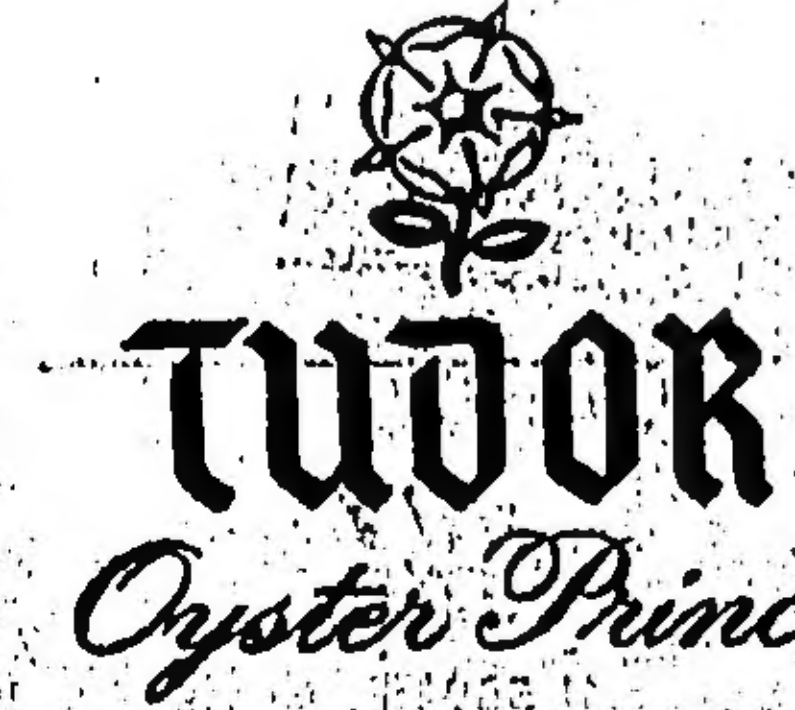


The Tudor Oyster Prince, sponsored by Rolex of Geneva. Waterproofed by the famous Oyster case, self-wound by the unique "rotor" mechanism, the Tudor Oyster Prince is the most outstanding wrist-watch for its price ever offered to the public.

This advertisement, the first of the new series, features the "Trial of Destruction." Six Tudor Oyster Princes were worn, one after the other, by a workman who spent a total of 30 hours operating a pneumatic drill. At the chief of the drill bit into granite, each watch suffered over 1,000,000 tremendous shocks. Yet the Tudor watches emerged unharmed and functioning perfectly!



Punished without mercy! Triumph of the Oyster Prince!



Where are the Kings of the Ring today?

LEE SAVOLD, the soft-spoken Norwegian-American who sent Bruce Woodcock out of international boxing with a three-inch gash over his left eye four years ago, has been a stricken man these last few months.

The pleasant, homely, rubbery face that withstood a thousand punches and made a million friends in this country has the indelible mark of grief on its rugged contours.

Savold the one-time blustering moon-bouncer who swore John Marley to win self-respect and a modest fortune at the fight game, took the biggest thrashing of his life when his 14-year-old daughter, Sandra, died from infantile paralysis early this year.

☆ Beauty spot

That kind of rap is not easy to beat. It is a quiet but slowly recovering routine of life out there in Wisconsin with his wife Eileen, his university undergraduate son Dick, and his nine-year-old daughter Shirley.

Business helps the slow tide of forgetfulness. With the money he earned from the two fights

with Woodcock, Savold has bought a countryside motel (motorists' hotel) in a famous beauty spot out on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. It cost him £14,000 of the £20,000 he has stacked judiciously away for his family as a reward for 20 tough years in the thick-car trade.

The not-to-gentle arts of boxing also have healing properties when there is tragedy to be borne. Savold has built himself a ring at the back of his motel, and never a day passes but what his 38-year-old fists are swung for his own consolation and the instruction of younger men in the stable of his manager, Bill Daly.

Incidentally, both Daly and Savold are hoping to be in England again in August. On today, of course, though Savold, with a momentary return of the old dry humour that endeared him to his four years ago has been telling me that he never yet ducked a fight, and that he is quite willing to break the nose of any British heavyweight to help pay expenses.

It was as a "bank buster" that Savold, Minnesota-born, first came to our ken when Jack Solomons brought him here to fight Woodcock in December, 1948.

Socially, the visit was a resounding success. Pugilistic-

ly, Savold hit the dust when referee Sam Russell disqualified him for an alleged low punch in the fourth round at Harringay.

Each of us raised our own particular squawk about the rights and wrongs of that decision and Solomons, not entirely lost to the publicity value of noise, kept the pot abelling until he was ready for a return match nine months later at the White City.

Savold arrived to cutely assessed trumpeting, managers uttered their parrot-ery threats,

Savold's grief is slow to heal

by George Whiting

Says Woodcock: "I was doing all right. My left opened things up, and I remember raising a bump just above Savold's right eye at the end of the first round."

"I played on that mark for all I was worth, and one right-hander on it. In the second round had Savold pulling away and covering up. Likely I should have stepped up the pressure a bit at that stage, but I was boding to orders, and in no hurry. It's easy to be wise now."

Savold took plenty from me in the third. One right-hander on his jaw would have put most blokes on the floor, but Lee just staggered a bit and then came back at me with those short-armed jabs he was so fond of. But none of them hurt, and I really began to feel I was getting somewhere near stopping him.

☆ No option

"He was in trouble at the beginning of the fourth—but I was in even worse trouble soon after. He must have caught me as we broke from a clinch. First thing I knew I had blood pouring from my left eye and all over my face. The more I tried to brush it away the worse it got. Fighting blind, I suppose you'd call it."

"Anyway, Savold caught me again on the cut and split my flesh longer and wider. By the time the bell rang for the end of round I'd had it, and the referee, Andy Smythe, had no option but to give the fight to Savold."

☆ It worked

Woodcock trained mid the fabricated battlements of Gywrych Castle, in Wales. Savold took himself off to a ballroom at Scarborough.

"I'll tear him apart," Savold told us. "I'll knock him cold," declared Woodcock.

I have spoken many times with Woodcock about that fight. Recently, in a skyscraper hotel in the United States, I took the opportunity of doing the same with the Savold party.

"Lee had definite instructions on how to beat Woodcock, and he carried them out to the letter," said manager Daly. "We knew Woodcock was susceptible to cuts, so we aimed to cut him considerably. Jab, jab, jab with the left. Set him up. Then cut him down. That was the plan, and, boy, how it worked."

Yes; it worked. But how differently the four brief rounds of that bloodshot battle dwell in the memories of its principals—Savold in his Wisconsin motel, Woodcock in his Yorkshire pub.

ONLY RED-HEADS SERVED HERE

From Donald Ludlow

A SHOP for red-headed women only has opened in New York's smart Park Sheraton Hotel.

No blondes, brunettes, or other shades will be served. The boss, red-headed Ruth Tornroth, expects boom business for one in five New York women is a red-head, either real or bottle, she says. (Her own red hair is "part bottle.")

Ruth's aim is to overcome the colour problems which "make a red-head's life a misery."

She said: "Most red-heads stick cautiously to browns and greens. But they can look lovely in pinks, blues, and yellows if the shades are right and accessories properly matched."

A JUDGE in Chicago has had a laid down these rules for elderly Mr and Mrs Jacob Serges.

She must cook three meals a day with lots of shish kebab (a Turkish dish of lamb and vegetables broiled on a skewer) and dolmas (vine leaves stuffed with meat). And he must eat all his meals at home.

The couple parted after 30 years of marriage. Mr Serges said his wife refused to cook for him, and she alleged he would not eat what she did cook. Now they are trying to stay together again.

ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI, the 18-year-old Italian film singer, earning £18,000 a year in Hollywood, is now allowed to live permanently in America because the Senate has passed a special Bill for her. It also lets her mother, father, sister, and brother stay. The Bill was made necessary because her parents' admitted they were "illegitimate members of the Fascist Party in Italy during the war" and America State, Federal and Congressional.



BUT GEE, just look at those jeans!
AS THE MUSCLE-MAN SAID TO...
NANCY SPAIN

Nancy... with the light blue jeans...

New Jersey we are all worms. In New England they are worms walking upright.

Like many British authors, Mrs Parker has a horror of work. Once, when her publisher demanded a manuscript, she invited him round and showed him how thick it was.

"Not finished yet, but thick," "It may have been nadded out with a few old letters," says Mrs Parker, "but it's a most unkind to suggest that it was padded with the telephone directory."

Hermione Gingold's play will be put on in the late autumn. It is all about an actress who is really a witch, whose father is a conjurer, whose husband is about to be knighted.

Her husband doesn't care for her goings-on with (a) tea leaves, (b) young gentlemen. Hermione may play it, may not.

Her current hit, John Murray Anderson's "Almanac," is closed at the moment, but reopens around the end of August. Alas, yes, Miss G. is one of the most profitable exports we have ever allowed to go to America. She swears, however, that she will be back in London in the spring.

Dressing up
BY now the room was full of people, a lot of them British. Vida Hope was there, trembling on the brink of the biggest success of her career. Vida produced Sandy Wilson's musical comedy of the 'twenties, "The Boy Friend," which is about to open in New York.

Zoe Gail was there. Brian Michie was there. Brian put on a hat with red roses and some false hair, and a nylon apron and talked for One Moment, Please, on "How to Saddle a Camel."

Vida Hope was there (very pretty in pink) and talked for 45 seconds on "Electric Blankets with Two-Way Switches for Married Couples."

Mr Universe
THEN a young gentleman who people told me) was a champion weight lifter and Mr Universe of 1954, sidled over to me and commented on my jeans.

"Gee, sister," he said, "them jeans are awful slack." (They are indeed, I have lost 7lb. in New York from the nervous terror of it all—down to 8st. 5lb.) "Why don't you wear 'em tight like mine?"

He paused a little and studied me. "Ah," he said, "Of course, you ain't got such a good figure as I have."

I DON'T believe in America. It is only a beautiful dream. Everything here is so much bigger than anywhere else.

The tomatoes are as big as cricket balls. At the shooting galleries you use a 100-shot repeating tommy-gun instead of an ordinary rifle.

If you want anything you send out for it and it arrives at all hours of the day or night—even if it is a lemon meringue pie as big as a wedding cake, done up in a hat box.

I know that American books are big. I bought "A Fable" by William Faulkner, and it cost me £2 and weighed 7lb., and I cannot understand one word.

I wondered about American authors? Are they big too? I sent out for some.

Magic phrase
A prize winner Marc Connelly, who wrote "Green Pastures," and Dorothy Parker, who wrote "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses," are both quite small.

Mr Connelly stepped obediently round to Miss Hermione Gingold's apartment to meet me. Miss Gingold is now an author too. She has written a play and writes a column every week called "Miss Poppy's Manhattan Diary," much punctuated with the magic phrase, "And so to bed." So it is natural for any literary gathering to meet at her place.

It overlooks the Queensboro Bridge, a gigantic piece of bric-a-brac—something like the Forth Bridge in collision with an aircraft carrier. Night and day she is disturbed here by the low growls of shipping on the East River and the low growls of admiring New Yorkers.

Her salon
MISS G., as is well known, is British to the backbone, which is to say that the more now she distinguishes from Americans only by the fact that she serves afternoon tea.

Oh, yes. And by her British accent. When Miss G. sends out for a corkscrew she usually gets a taxicab.

Miss G. runs a 'tightly literary' tea-time salon, a neat, efficient, blue-coloured affair in her 60s. She wears bright

The news-datetime today is **NEW YORK**, where Nancy Spain, on a flying visit, is looking up the famous

emphatic bow ties, perching at his throat like butterflies. He talks splendidly and excitedly and is associated with Miss G. in the British panel game. "One Moment, Please!" which is now sweeping American networks.

The panel members are asked to talk for one moment without hesitation, repetition, or straying from the point on subjects like the Tunnel of Love and Musical Instruments from Tibet.

For failures
IF they fail on this programme

they are presented with a parakeet "by the courtesy of some manufacturers of bird seed. When Marc Connelly and I arrived the apartment was full of bird-seed.

Perhaps Mr Connelly is different from English authors. When (as was inevitable) we all began to play One Moment, Please, at this party he was invited to discuss "How to keep kites."

Gaily he plunged into a saga that led (with relish) up to a point where (on Saturdays) he and his brothers used to "drown the kites."

This could never happen in England. The one thing the British authors care for above royalties and rubles is Kindness to Animals.

However, Mrs Dorothy Parker, the author of such masterpieces as "Fireworks in the Afternoon," "Horsie," and "Slate ran the whole gamut of the emotions from A to B," is kind to animals.

She lives quietly with a poodle called Misty. Misty's hair comes out of curl when it rains, and she is allergic to elevators.

Mrs Parker is, daintily. She sits there, tame as anything, Mrs PARKER gently throwing a rubber bone for the dog to prance for, when she suddenly pours out an enormous whisky and says: "I

was born in New Jersey, in



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TRY A CRANKCASE FULL TO DAY

GERALD BOWMAN tells another story of the Caterpillar Club

Dixie Pulls Out

SEVEN sergeants of No. 102 Squadron, Royal Air Force, made a hazardous take-off in a Halifax bomber on the night of April 27, 1942. They were bound for Cologne and it was their first operational trip on this type of machine. The Halifax had proved too heavy for their own grass airfield—its wheels sank into the pre-vailing mud—therefore they were using the hard runway of the satellite station.

The wind was blowing at an angle across it, and the runway seemed a bit short for an aircraft of the Halifax type, but Larry Carr, the skipper (later Flight-Lieutenant), gave the engines everything and

One last burst as the blazing bomber plunges . . . one more Me110 written off, then—

tried to lift-off at the first chance.

It wouldn't lift—and Sergeant Carr found himself running out of runway fast.

At last the wheels sluggishly left the surface and there was a shudder as they crashed through the boundary hedge, sending up a spectacular shower of bushes and twigs in the slipstream.

Sergeant G. H. ("Dixie") Lee, tail-gunner, announced over the inter-com: "I don't suppose

they wanted that hedge any-how!"

Larry Carr, hauling his big bomber up over the dark shapes of the hangars was certain he was going to hit them. Indeed, he tossed himself for the crash. But the Halifax just made it.

Carr found to his relief that his wheels would still retract and then climbed away for the distant target.

After crossing the French coast at about 12,000 feet in clear moonlight the crew found very little opposition from either flak or searchlights. Dixie Lee, who was crowning a blues song in his draught-turret, looked all around the vast cavern of the sky—but after a while he stopped singing. Things were altogether too peaceful for his liking.

★

He said so to the mid-upper gunner, and advised: "Keep your eyes skinned for fighters. Even as he spoke both gunners spotted a fitting black shape against the moon about 600 yards away. Both yelled 'Fighter to starboard. Skipper' over the inter-com.

At the controls Larry Carr threw the big bomber into an evasive weaving path and for a few minutes shook off the enemy. But the moon was bright and Dixie suddenly spotted an Me110 diving dead at him out of nowhere. He yelled a second warning and Carr once again flung the great Halifax into a "corkscrew".

Both gunners and the approaching fighter opened fire simultaneously. Then amidst the terrific din of his guns Dixie was suddenly half-blinded by a vivid flash in his turret and felt a sharp pain in his right foot.

The Me's cannon shells had struck home and in a matter of seconds the whole port side of the bomber was a mass of flame where the fighter's guns had raked it.

Dixie heard Larry Carr shout the order for the crew to bale out, but as he did so he spotted another fighter coming in to attack. Although he could only operate his guns manually—the hydraulics had gone—Dixie saw the pilot clearly thought that he had an easy target and came in very close to give it a final burst.

Dixie got his sights dead on the approaching machine and yelled in triumph as he saw his burst strike the fighter and produce an instantaneous sheet of flame.

By now both the navigator and the second pilot had baled



Sergeant Dixie Lee

out. Then Dixie felt the aircraft slipper had also gone out, leaving the control-stick free. He grabbed for his parachute pack on the wrong way round, so that it was possible to get at the release handle with his left hand. Dixie pulled the release handle. He felt a violent jerk as the canopy opened and yanked him out like a hooked fish. Then his feet just missed the top of a tree, and a second or so later he was rolling over in the middle of a field. As he picked himself up he saw the blazing bomber explode on the ground a few hundred yards away.

★

Three of that gallant crew of seven died in those few minutes of action. Only Dixie, Larry Carr, the skipper, Ronnie Shoberg, the navigator, and Sergeant Ralston, a Canadian, survived.

Dixie himself was captured after having been befriended by Belgian villagers but given away to the Germans by one of them—who, incidentally, was afterwards executed for his part in the underground movement.

Ironically his capture was actually witnessed by his skipper, who by that time had managed to get himself and a civilian suit of clothes, and who watched, powerless to help, as Dixie was led away. The underground movement subsequently got Carr home, but Dixie spent the rest of the war as a prisoner, though he made several fruitless attempts to escape.

NEXT SATURDAY:

Saved By Instinct



TOM STACEY, who described in a best-seller called "The Hostile Sun" how he discovered an unknown tribe in Malaya, is following the sun again—this time in the heart of Africa. With one African companion he started in the Belgian Congo, and is striking deeper into the jungle. Today's away-from-it-all despatch comes from LAMBARENE.

FROM one of the most moving, uplifting sanctuaries of hope in the world I send this despatch.

We have just reached the hospital that Albert Schweitzer built Lambarene 200 miles up the Ogooue River, French Equatorial Africa.

Jungle surrounds us. Within it are the tiny villages of the primitive Fang tribe, whom we shall shortly be among.

Schweitzer himself is not here. The 79-year-old philosopher, doctor, and musician who won the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize, is in Europe lecturing and playing the organ, gathering money for his hospital.

First fact

HIS staff—European, Asian, African—carry on the work while the master is away. Those among the 530 patients who are growing fit again work too.

I crossed the 500-yard wide Ogooue in a dug-out from the river-land where the village lies, to Schweitzer's hospital. With me was Eriase, my African companion.

First fact I learned about this hospital was that it is built, as far as possible,

TOM STACEY, the young explorer, arrives at a strange sanctuary set deep in the green heart of equatorial Africa

So Mrs. EMMA gives me lunch in the jungle

(the egg-fruit came from the garden)

the fine, concrete-based, dining-room. Here I learned my second fact.

Everything in this hospital has been constructed by Schweitzer's own hands, or by staff or patients trained by him.

In white

A EUROPEAN figure came down the slope through the trees and tin-roofed wooden quarters to meet us—a roundish, middle-aged woman in white.

It was Emma Hausknecht. She, with 35-year-old Dr Emery Percy, a green-eyed Hungarian, runs the show just now.

"Mrs Emma" has been here longer than anyone else—since 1925. Just 12 years earlier the young scholar-pastor Schweitzer felled his first redwood tree and founded his jungle hospital.

"Dr Schweitzer has created it all," says Mrs Emma. "But the work is never finished. We do what we can. We cannot do all." There was a hardy, independent devotion in the tired eyes.

First, thing Mrs Emma did was gather a box of fruit and vegetables for us to take on our journey into the jungle. Then we were invited to stay to lunch in

In the dining-room we met the rest of the white-robed trained staff. Four doctors and eight nurses and sisters, French, Alsatians, Swiss, Dutch, Danish—one Dr Nomura the lung specialist, from Japan, No Britons.

Mrs Emma said a brief French grace. We all tucked into a meal of melon, fried egg-fruit, cucumber, grapefruit, radishes, the size of hockey balls, meat balls the size of golf balls. Everything that can be grown in the hospital gardens.

I sat next to Maria Legendy. She comes from Holland. Twenty years ago, still no more than a girl, she learned midwifery in Woolwich. She is a tall, humble woman, tired now after 10 years' incessant work in equatorial Africa.

At two o'clock the bell sounded—two miniature railway sleepers of different lengths—to rally the hospital back to work. "They are long hours you work," I said, "from 7.30 in the morning to six at night. Do you get special pay?"

It was then I learned my third fact. The staff earn nothing but their keep, even though some of them are internationally renowned specialists.

Last hymn

LATER, when the evening meal at seven had been taken and night had fallen, the staff gathered round the ancient piano, whose yellow keys are worn through to the screws. Mrs Emma conducted the evening service. Roman Catholic and Protestant alike took part.

The last hymn they chose, singing together in Alsatian, Dr Schweitzer's mother tongue, was "Now All the Forest Rests." They like a touch of melodrama, these men and women of God out in the primitive forest. It is one of their few indulgences.

And it was now that I learned my final fact Schweitzer has not only created this hospital in the jungle. He has sown a seed of courage here which nothing is going to kill.

They're All Asking: Who Is Sylvette?

By Joan Harrison

WHO is Sylvette? Along the sunny Riviera the art set and the smart set are talking about her. Sylvette, aged 19, is the little honey-blond French

girl who is Picasso's latest model.

She is bi-lingual. Her mother is English and her father French, the owner of one of Paris's most famous art galleries, Drouant-David.

And she is engaged to be married to 20-year-old Englishman Toby Jellinek.

Four years ago they met at a co-educational school in England. With youthful dreams they planned to wed one day when both had become famous.

And now (half) their dreams are coming true. Sylvette has achieved sudden fame as Picasso's newest and favourite model. And Toby? Well, Toby has at least sold three armchairs of his own design to the famous painter. And he is trying to become a painter.

SCHOOL FRIENDS

Toby had to be fetched away from his studio in Vallauris, a pottery town in the south of France, to talk to me on the telephone.

"Yes," he said, "as soon as we both left school in England about a couple of years ago I followed Sylvette down here. It wasn't for Sylvette. I wouldn't be here or trying to paint."

"How did we meet Picasso?" It was like this. To earn a living I had been designing and making furniture and ornaments. I designed an armchair and took it along to the pottery where Sylvette was working. He liked it and bought it. He ordered another and asked me to go along and see him.

"I did, taking Sylvette. "We went again and again, and he bought another armchair. Then he asked Sylvette to pose. I go along with Sylvette sometimes when she sits for him."

"Our marriage? Perhaps at the end of the year when we've saved enough money. It depends on how many armchairs and knick-knacks I sell."

With Les Armour In Britain Today

MAYBE it wasn't the classic "Man Bites Dog" that newspapermen long for. But it was the next best thing.

There it was, bang in the middle of the front page of the morning paper:

"A slimming diet for overweight dogs first tested on human beings at a London hospital, is being prescribed by veterinary surgeons."

On second and closer reading, it was still there.

Now, leaving aside the advisability or otherwise of trying to turn the homely pooch into a sort of canine Marilyn Monroe, there is something infinitely cheeky about this proposition of the fitness of things.

Little in this modern age can shock your truly. Innovation is one thing. But this is revolution.

Everyone knows that experiments are carried out on dogs BEFORE being applied to humans. Not the other way about.

Anyone—and this includes several million Londoners—who has had his heart-strings tugged by the reproducible glance of the terror in the anti-vivisectionists' ads, accepts this as axiomatic.

Dear old ladies die and leave considerable fortunes to be used in campaigning against carrying out experiments on dogs BEFORE they're tried on men and women.

It is pretty clear that the medical men who perpetrated this new turnabout had little idea of the enormity of what they were doing.

The possibilities thus opened up are, to say the least, alarming. It doesn't take too much imagination to visualise the dog-pounds where citizens who can't find their way home or don't have any will be locked up in wire cages.

To these pounds will come research men from the big concerns that supply the dog shops. A practical plan around the physical limitations of word to be a paper, and a half dozen help-

less fact that the letter could not have gone through the regular channels" as little short of curiulish.

The matter cuts to the very spine of society. It is not the practical inconvenience of the thing—the unwelcome discovery that cheques posted on Monday may even be cashed on Monday and such like—that matters.

It is the principle. For what is to become of the world if "official channels" are disregarded?

If a postman, collecting letters from a box and discovering that he must pass one or more of the addresses on his way back to the sorting office, takes it upon himself to deliver them there is not telling how many may thus be thrown out of work.

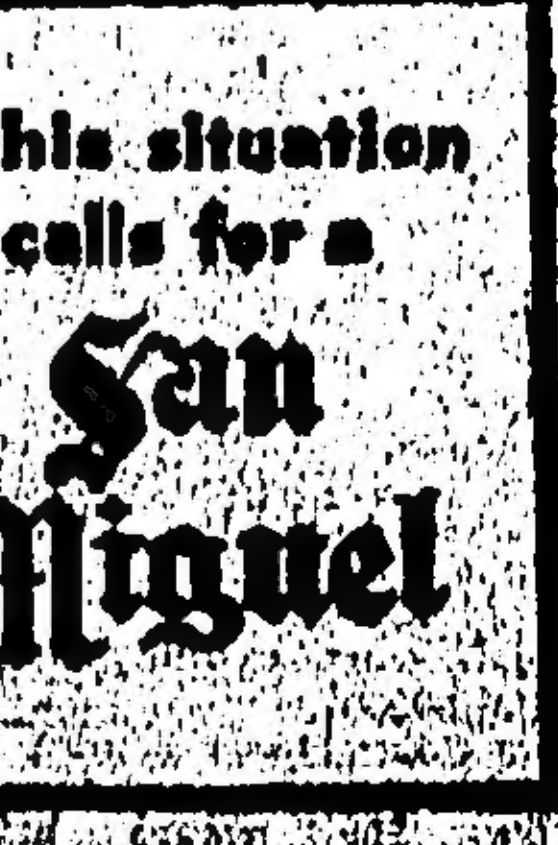
Moreover, the supervisory staff, thus discovering that there is really no need for them to supervise, cannot help but have their feelings hurt.

Transferred out of the postal realm, however, the matter becomes deadly serious. Suppose a diplomatic note were dealt with on the spot by wayward ambassadors instead of being referred back to "official channels"?

How many wars might be avoided? How many munitions makers on the broad line? How many politicians might find themselves speechless? How many newspapers might be forced out of business?

And, suppose when you went to a restaurant and ordered something not on the menu, the waiter took it upon himself to negotiate the thing with the

JOHNNY HAZARD



She knows when the stars fall a-fussin' and a-feudin', but—

NO ONE IS AFRAID OF LOUELLA

says Louella



LOUELLA PARSONS, who retails the private life of Hollywood seven days a week to 40,000,000 readers of 1,000 American newspapers, is on her way back to her parish from London.

Miss Parsons, in London on a private visit, was nevertheless in touch with the Hollywood colony in London. The colony was anxious to please, for Miss Parsons in her own territory is reputed to have the power of a high priestess.

Legend says she can make or break a reputation in a single sentence. She says: "People aren't really afraid of me in Hollywood. Why, not even my servants are. I just report what goes on."

Her column has been going on for 30 years now, and the way Hollywood people react to it provides a revelation of life in Hollywood today. I have been studying that reaction in London. I began at a party given by Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, with whom Louella Parsons has been staying.

Said Ann

MISS PARSONS was spotted by Ann Todd. Ann Todd said: "I have just come from a rehearsal of 'Macbeth'. I'm playing Lady Macbeth for the old Vic. It is . . ."

Louella Parsons said: "Yes, I know. Out, damned spot! I played 'Macbeth' in school once."

Ann Todd said she had just heard from Katharine Hepburn, who was filming in Venice. "Katie says it is very hot in Venice and she has a private chapel in her villa."

"It is hot in the South of France," said Miss Parsons. "I have sent my maid to Paris. Do you suppose the weather will be nice there?"

Not known!

SHE changed the subject. "Have you seen my daughter's film, 'Susan Slept Here'?" Harriet made that (Harriet Parsons is a producer) and I'm glad it is a big success. I tried to see it here, but all the seats had gone.

"I said I was Louella Parsons, but they didn't know me. Then I said I was the producer's mother and they let me in. Wait until I tell Harriet that, she will be pleased. It is sometimes difficult for a girl with a famous mother to make good on her own."

I arranged to meet Louella Parsons next day to visit a film studio. When I called in the morning she said the producer of "The End of the Affair" at the studio was coming himself with a car. He was a man called David Lewis—there had been some confusion with our names.

Mr Lewis swept in with an apology. "Louella darling," he said, "they have given me the small car. I asked for the big one for you, but they said the small car. Do you mind? I can order the small one away and

get a big car. I wanted a big car for you. They made a mistake."

Miss Parsons looked surprised at all this and said it was not necessary to send the small car away. The small car turned out to be a Humber Hawk. There was ample room.

She Asks

ON the way to Shepperton studios I asked Miss Parsons what were the three questions she most often put to stars in Hollywood.

"Well, I want to know when they're getting married, when they're having a baby, and if it is true there is going to be a divorce. That is what people want to know," she said. "That—and who is feuding with whom."

"There is Gregory Peck now. I had him come to see me at home and he sat on the path and I said: 'Greg—are you getting a divorce?'"

"He said: 'Louella, honestly I'm staying married. I love America and I want to stay here (Mr Peck is filming in England now). And I'm staying with my wife.' Do you know, I believed him and I wrote a Sunday piece about it."

"By the time my Sunday piece was coming out Greg Peck's divorce was announced. I don't think he is a naughty boy, but it makes me sad."

"Now the feud. Joan Crawford is feuding with Marilyn Monroe. Joan is a big star, a real old-time star. Marilyn is a new girl—but Joan attacked her for the way Marilyn wiggles when she walks and the way she behaves."

"That is not fair to Joan. Marilyn is a frightened little girl really. She hasn't the background that Joan has. Marilyn is such a nice, serious girl. She wants to play Lady Macbeth."

Miss Parsons asked Mr Lewis if he had seen her daughter's film. Mr Lewis said he hadn't—but he certainly would.

We arrived at Shepperton and went to "The End of the Affair" set. Deborah Kerr greeted Louella affectionately. So did Van Johnson. A photographer stood by.

Louella Parsons said: "I won't kiss you, Deborah darling. It would spoil your make-up."

'Wonderful'

WE went off to see "rushes"—the films of the previous day's work.

"Wonderful," said Mr Lewis. "Wonderful," said everyone else.

"Wonderful actress, Deborah," said Miss Parsons.

After lunch Van Johnson went to work. Deborah Kerr said: "Van is a wonderful actor. He takes his part so seriously that when he has an emotional scene to play he goes without breakfast in the morning to make himself more tortured."

Van Johnson said: "I go without breakfast because the gas in my hotel isn't on by the time I leave in the morning. I leave early."

It was time for Louella Parsons to leave. Everyone said goodbye and embraced.

We got into the "small" car and Miss Parsons said: "It is a nice car. A very nice car."

Mr Lewis said to me: "Louella is a wonderful woman. A wonderful woman."

David Lewis

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

NEXT WEEK

TUESDAY—WEDNESDAY—THURSDAY

SENSATIONS!!!

at

TYEBS

For details see to-morrow's Sunday Post-Herald.



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ETERNA

Models From Autumn Dress Show



Norman Hartnell, one of London's top fashion designers, held his autumn dress show in London this month. Here are three models from the collection:

"WINDSOR FOREST"—A green wrap-over travel coat cut on straight lines with interesting lapel detail, repeated on the cuffs. The model also wears a primrose felt bunnet hat.
"THE GREYS"—A classic grey suit in fine wool, with draped hip-pockets. Worn with a finely-striped bow-tied shirt and hat trimmed with white feathers.
"CAD"—A two-piece in two-toned brown striped wool. The straight-cut dress has a three-quarter length topcoat fastening with four buttons.

NOW FASHION GOES TRAVEL-CONSCIOUS

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

"GOING away on holiday?" cry the travel agents, tempting us with technicolour posters of far-away places where the sun blazes.

"Going away on holiday?" echo the fashion designers, tempting us with holiday clothes featuring new styles and colours.

Dismissing the improbable—who wants a natty little number like that Hawaiian grass skirt from a Paris boutique anyway?—let's take a look at what designers think up for holiday clothes.

First, they suggest that holidays are the time when you can wear stylish clothes that would look out of place at home. Following up this idea, you can go gay with a beach jacket of red towelling printed with spots the size of grapefruits, and

a cone-shaped straw hat with a yard-long tassel. And you won't be over-dressing. Similarly, you can wear the latest jeans—nicknamed "knickerbocker glories"—in vividly-striped denim, or eye-catching "Picasso" prints. Second, that heavy items like the strong shoes required for a walking holiday need not be a dead weight in your suitcase. That sounds like a contradiction, but a British manufacturer, with a foresight that will lighten the pack of walkers everywhere, has just produced a pair of strong shoes that weigh only seven ounces. They have light suede uppers and the new multi-cellular rubber sole.

Third, that cotton is the most practical material on the market. Seersucker, molassey pique, voile—these are the types of cotton women choose for a holiday in a hot climate. These cottons won't crease too much in packing and they will probably survive a holiday wash without needing to be ironed.

At one time, nylon was thought to be the material for travellers. It seemingly solved all their problems. It had all the virtues, none of the vices. Or so they said. You could dress from top to toe in it; you could wash it at night and it would be dry in the morning, ready for wearing without ironing.

All very true, but women soon discovered its weak point. Nylon, a non-porous material, is unbearably uncomfortable in hot weather, as anybody living in the tropics knows. That is why women have swung back to the old faithful—cotton—for their holiday wardrobes this year.

These uncrushable fabrics, like cotton seersucker, may come up smiling at the end of a long journey, but that is more than we do ourselves sometimes. The way to feel fresh when you reach your destination—and not as if you have been dragged there unwillingly—is to do running repairs to your makeup. Simplest method of keeping well-groomed on a long journey is to have a small tin of pads saturated with makeup remover. Cleanse face all over with one of these, then dust on the new all-in-one powder and foundation.

Another thing to remember—avoid having too many bits and pieces of luggage. Carrying them from place to place and keeping track of them is tiring. Pack everything into one large suitcase and take a hold-all for the journey.

Hair is best kept to a short, easily managed style. On a voyage, keep it tidy by tying it up with a scarf. But don't tie the scarf peasant fashion with the ends knotted under the chin. Nothing looks so dull and unoriginal as this. Instead, knot the scarf ends in the nape of the neck.

If, towards the end of the holiday, your hair looks the worse for sand and sea-water, you can do something for it. All you need is a bottle of hair tonic and a makeshift dropper. Make pottings all over the head, applying the hair tonic with the dropper as you go. Then massage the scalp for a few minutes. Surplus tonic can be absorbed by a hairbrush covered with a piece of silk.

—HELEN POLLEY

★ STARTING TODAY: A new series with a challenge for every woman—and her husband

LONELY WIVES

First—How Often Do You Say, "I'm Bored"?

By Eileen Ascroft

LONELINESS. It is the most poignant problem of our age. We find lonely wives in childless luxury flats, where every labour-saving device leaves women with too much time on their hands.

Young mothers, busy enough with housework and bringing up their children, are still starved for companionship.

Older women, whose families are grown up and have left home, become depressed. After an active and responsible life, they feel unwanted and friendless.

Most tragic of all the lonely wives is the one whose husband has grown cool and bored through familiarity. The reasons for his neglect may differ. Perhaps he has become too engrossed in his business interest. Or he may be seeking more entertaining company outside the home.

For each group of lonely wives I shall be making practical suggestions for increasing their zest for living and their happiness.

Today I am concerned with the case of the woman who has too much time on her hands. Chief cause of her loneliness is the break-up of the family unit.

Common Heartcries

In Victorian times when several generations lived together under one roof, there was company for young and old. The only child was a rarity. Old people were welcome in the homes of their children or younger relations. Houses were more complicated to run and there was plenty of work to keep several women occupied happily together.

Today, with labour-saving gadgets and children frequently away at boarding school, many women find themselves spending hours alone each day with nothing to do.

They are in danger of organising their homes so efficiently that work and leisure alike lose their savour. "I'm frankly bored," I don't know what to do with my time," "I feel so useless," are common heartcries today. And they come from women of very different backgrounds.

An afternoon shopwindow-gazing, listening to the radio with your feet up, visiting a cinema or giving a tea party, is

fun for the busy working girl. It is a change from routine. But as a daily occupation it can be really boring.

The answer to this wife's loneliness is a new interest outside the home. There are all kinds of interesting part-time occupations and jobs for married women.

But the decision to take a part-time job can cause many awkward problems in the home.

Some husbands are sensitive about their wives working. They feel it is a reflection on their own earning capacity.

There are elements of jealousy, too. The husband may be nervous about his wife's contacts and friendship made outside the home. Or he may fear that you will become less absorbed in your home—and in spoiling him—if you have outside interests. There is often a king-of-the-castle streak about even the meekest of males.

Tact Will Work

How can you overcome these husbandly objections to your going outside the home to work either part- or full-time? You can do it by tact. But do not let it lead to argument and hard feelings.

NEVER mention the fun you hope to have in your new interest. If he dotes on you, his jealous reactions will be aroused.

NEVER mention the money you hope to earn. Nothing is more calculated to make male hackles rise.

Even if your budget is strained and the money you may earn is important this is not a point to stress. It may occur to him, but you will wound his pride if you mention it.

Explain to him that your home is so well equipped that housework does not occupy your days. Stress that you want to do something useful that will help to keep you a live and interesting individual.

Seek His Counsel

Seek his co-operation in deciding what you should do.

Once you have gained his interest and co-operation, the battle is as good as won. He will soon be boasting: "Of course I encouraged her to develop an outside interest."

The average husband wants his wife to be happily occupied while he is working. If you make it easy for him, he will probably agree.

I understand this problem all too well. When I married, I left my job and settled down to housekeeping for two years. But a good housekeeper and a well-run house left me too much time. My inactivity soon began to make me depressed.

Because I have an understanding and tolerant husband, he himself suggested the solution, and sent me back to the work I know and love.

MONDAY: The Neglected Wife

REVIVAL OF LONG HAIR STYLES IN ITALY

WILL the Italian long hair style catch on?

Only four London model girls so far have followed the new trend.

Exotic, dark-eyed Marcella, an Italian model who works for Digby Morton, wears her hair swept up in a Grecian knot.

Tall, stately Dorothy Brewster, an English girl working with Victor Stiebel, has an elegant chignon style.

Blonde Jean Downay and black-haired Maria Scaraffa have both grown theirs to long bobs. London hairdressers are divided in opinion....

SATIN FOR EVENING



Are You Proud Of Your Breakfast Face?

THE "before breakfast" face is a common grief. Few women, or so they complain, are natural beauties. With sleep still in their eyes, traces of cold cream on their faces, hair filled with curlers, they just don't look lovely. Add a drab, tired-looking house-dress and the horror picture's complete.

Some women just relax and accept this fact. They wear that "before breakfast" face until mid-afternoon. The children see Mom looking awful. So does Dad. So do any trades people who call at the door to deliver laundry, dry cleaning, groceries or papers.

We wonder how women can let themselves go in this fashion. It takes so little time to put on make-up to remove curlers and comb hair. As for house-dresses, a homemaker owes it to herself to have a new, bright one that

will make her attractive at the breakfast table.

The lazy women who don't bother to wash their faces before going to bed—and there are plenty of these—present an even homelier picture on rising. Streaky make-up never looks well, least of all by the dawn's early light.

Give your face a good washing before going to sleep. When you get up in the morning, a cold water rinsing is all that's needed to put colour in those cheeks.

Apply a pinky lipstick; it only takes a jiffy. Fluff powder on nose to remove shine. Remove curlers or, if there's too little time, tuck them up with a colourful kerchief.

—HELEN POLLEY



PICTURE taken at the dinner party given last week by Mrs Tan Siong Kee of Djakarta in honour of the Indonesian Consul-General in Hongkong and Mrs Tarbidin Suriawinata.



HIS Excellency the Officer Administering the Government, Mr R. B. Black, arriving for the cocktail party given aboard the new Messageries Maritimes motor ship, Laos, on Monday. On the right is Captain Jean Barthelmy. (Staff Photographer)

MEMBERS of the Northumberland and Durham Association had a good time when they went to Aberdeen last week for a fish supper aboard one of the floating restaurants. Above: Some of the ladies being helped from the sampan ferry. Right: One of the parties. From left: Mr J. G. Oliver, Mr J. C. B. Slack, Mr T. A. Shurlock, Mr F. K. Pattinson, Mrs J. R. Carr, Mr J. R. Carr, Mrs F. K. Pattinson, Mr T. Mahon, Mrs K. Baker, Mr K. Baker and Mrs T. Mahon. (Staff Photographer)



MR. Leonard Henry Dismore, the new British Consul in Macao, with Mrs Dismore and their five children. Picture was taken during their short stay in Hongkong before leaving for Macao. (Staff Photographer)

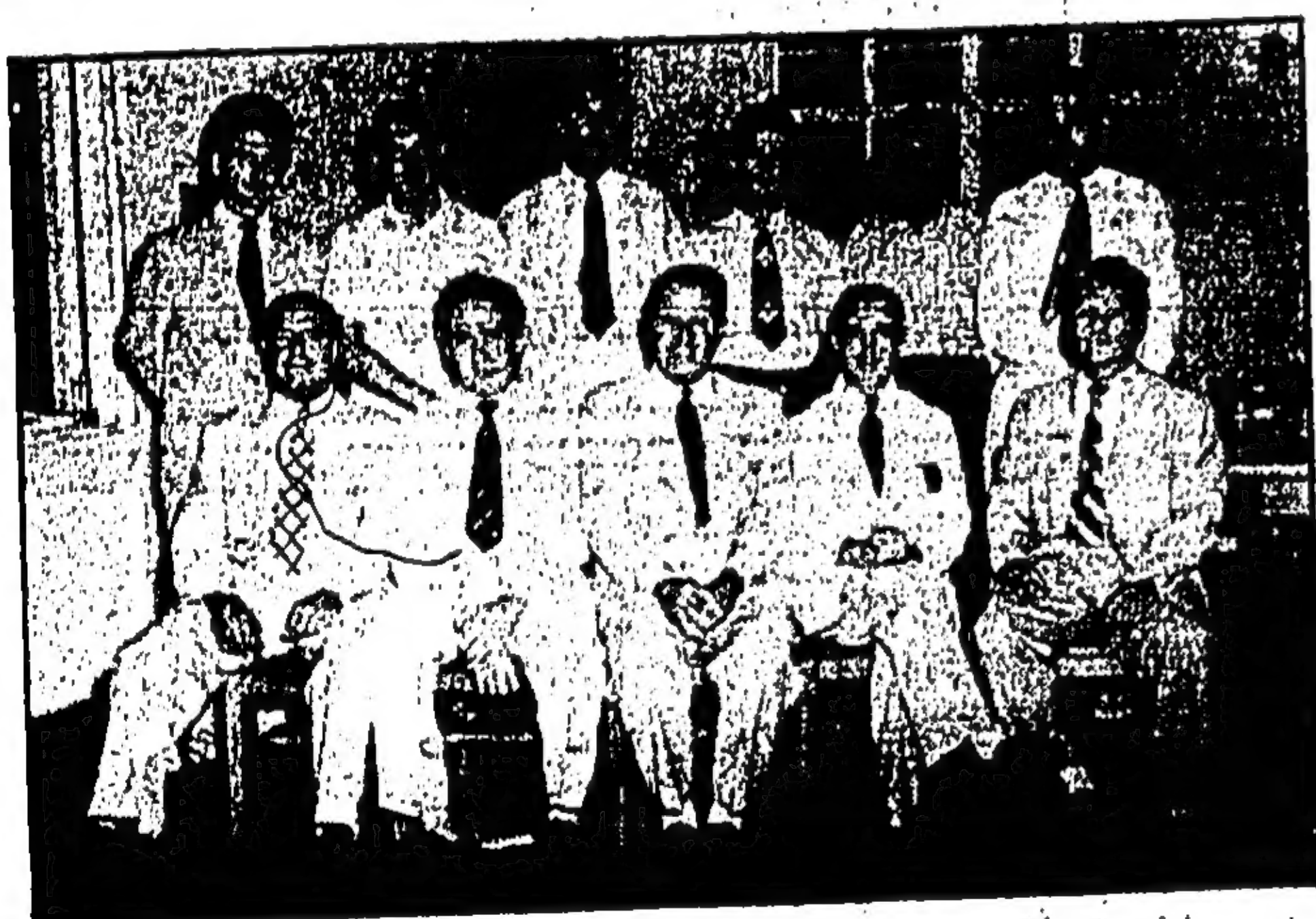


LEFT: Kenneth, son of Mr and Mrs Hioo Tjo-yong, and Angelina, daughter of Mr and Mrs David K. L. Yung, photographed at their engagement party.



LEFT: Officers of the Hongkong Football Club, elected at the annual meeting last week. Seated in centre is the Hon. M. W. Turner, President. On extreme right seated is Mr J. Henderson, Chairman. (Staff Photographer)

HAPPY group at the wedding of Mr John Harcourt Gould and Miss Patricia Margaret Booth, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Group photo taken at the second reunion dinner of teachers taking part in the Biology Teachers' Training Course at the Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT, above: Mr Leung Min-to and his bride, Miss Lai Yin-see, drink with the guests at their wedding banquet, held in the Kwong Chow Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



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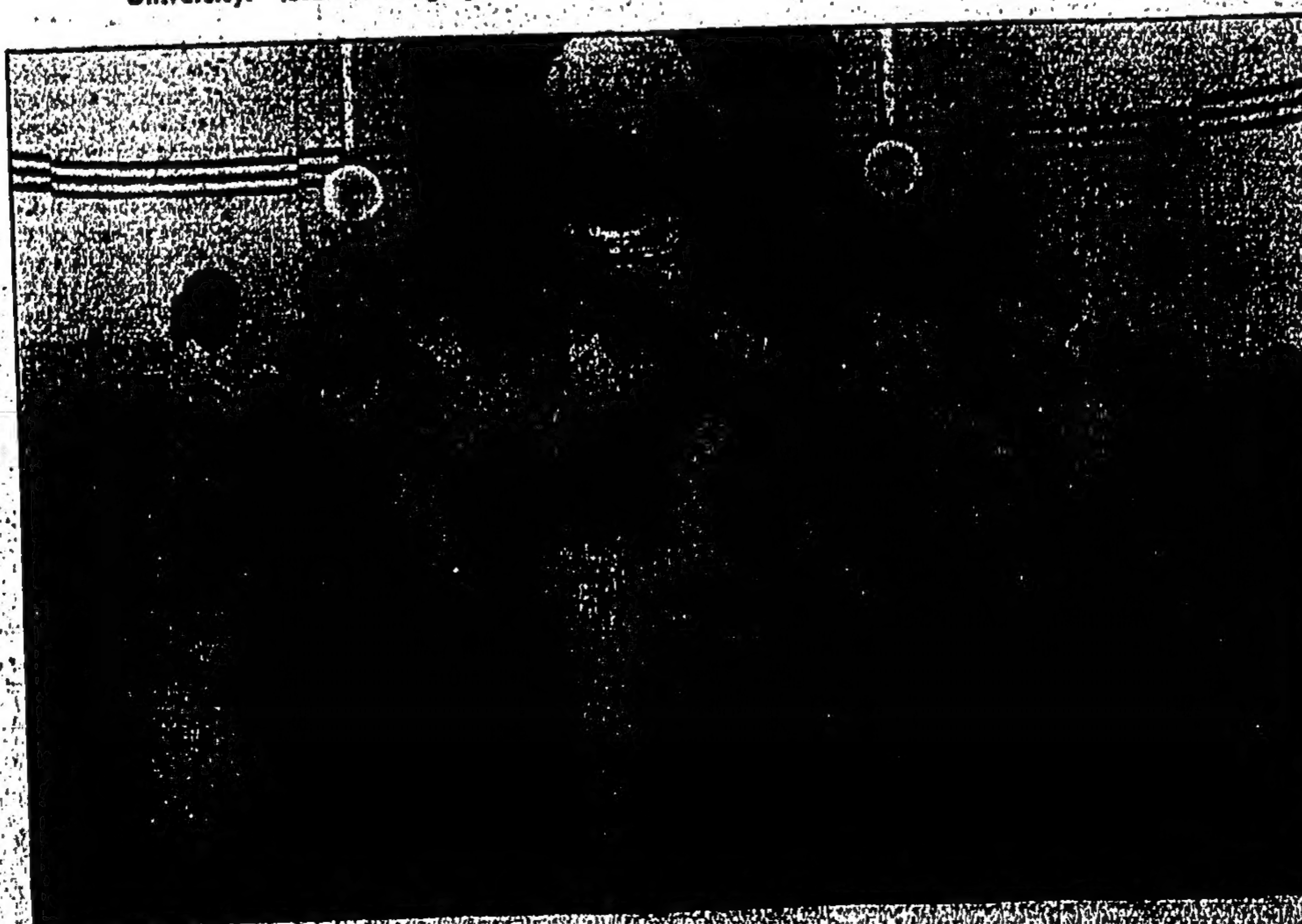
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MR and Mrs J. Cross with their baby, christened Mario Louise Jacquellina at St John's Cathedral last Sunday (Staff Photographer)



THE Commander, British Forces, Lt - Gen. C. S. Sugdan, signs the visitors' book after opening the new Church of Scotland Canteen at Sek Kong on Tuesday. (Staff Photographer)

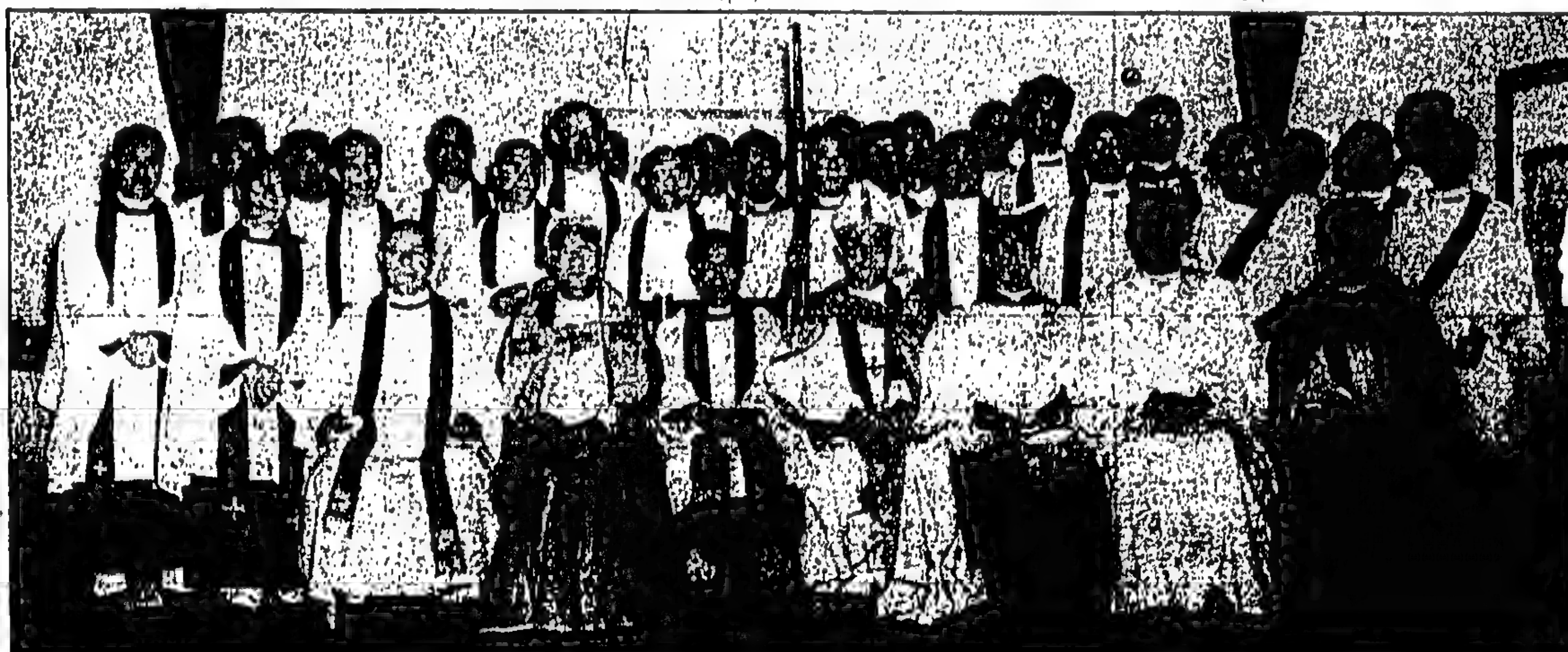


SCENES at last Saturday's informal dance held by the Officers' Club at the United Services Recreation Club. Chinese dinner was served, and in lower picture may be seen (from left) Mrs Merriot, Capt. D. Piper, Miss Piper, Miss Daphna Merriot, Mr. Rufus Meerd and Major Merriot. (Staff Photographer)



DR Theodore Hsi-an Chen, former President of the Fukien Christian University, addressing alumni of the University who entertained him to dinner at the Four Seas Hotel this week. (Staff Photographer)

MISS Cynthia Ma, daughter of Mr and Mrs Ronald Ma, pictured with friends who attended her birthday party on Monday.



RIGHT: Hongkong clergy who participated in the ordination on Tuesday of the Rev. Andrew Wing Cheung-ping, (seated third from left), the Rev. James George Froud and the Rev. Yu Mou-hai (third and second from right). (Staff Photographer)



THE Rev. Fr C. Orlando officiates at the christening of Nicholas Peter, son of Lieutenant and Mrs W. N. Withell, at St Teresa's Church. (Staff Photographer)

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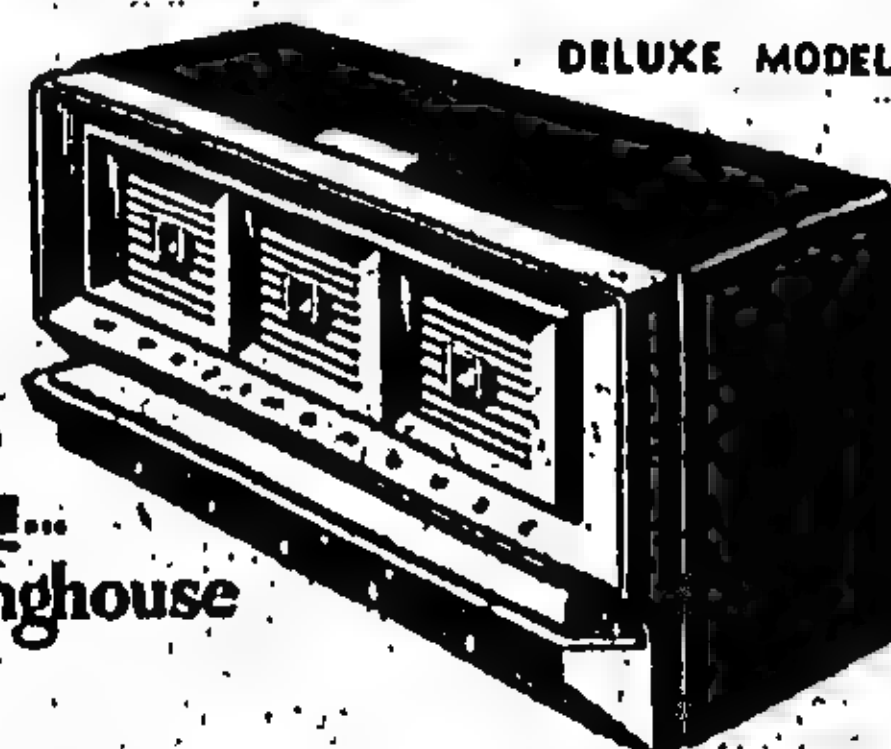


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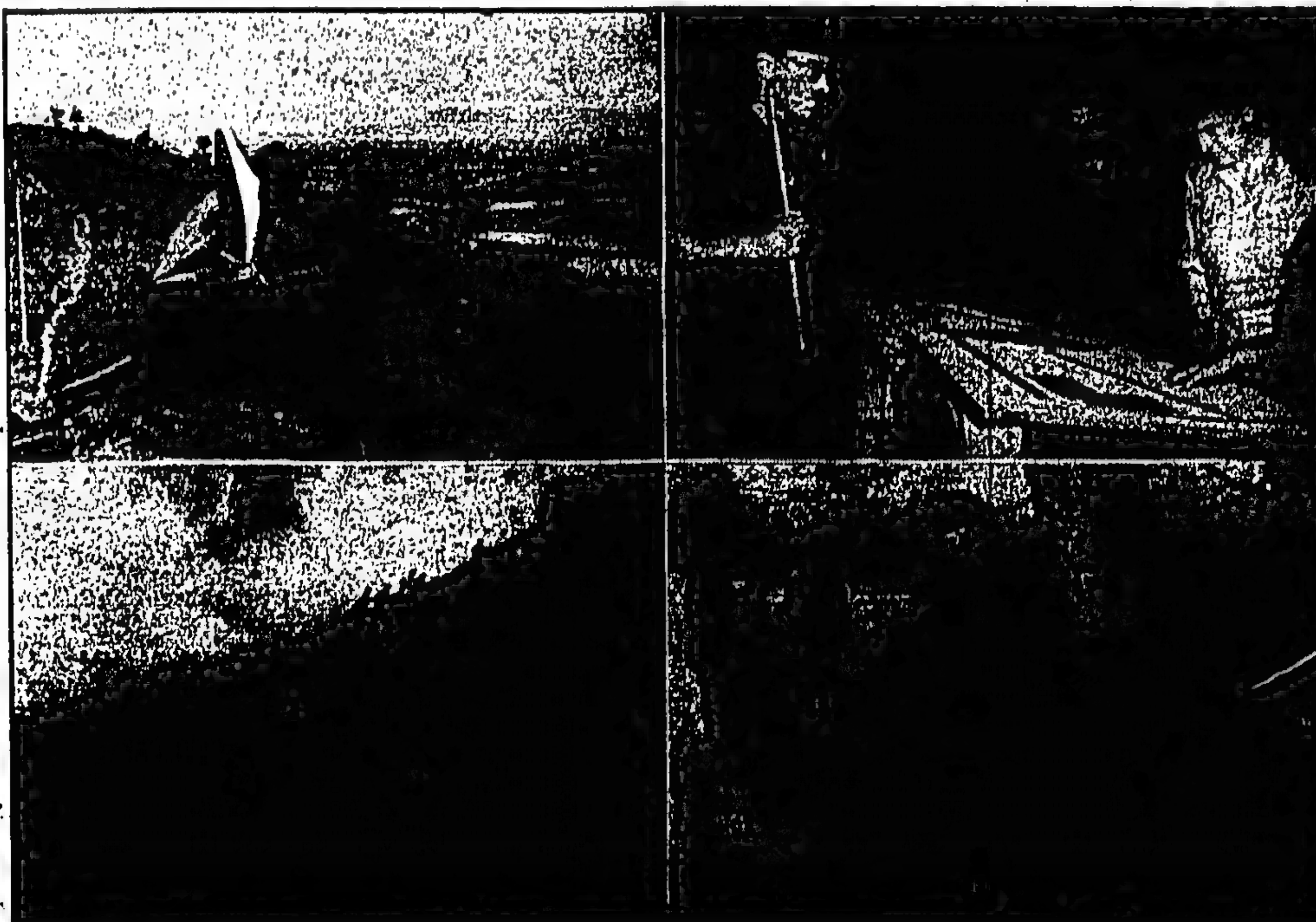
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SCENES at last Sunday's attack exercise by the Hongkong Regiment in the New Territories. The Squadron the OAG, Mr R. B. Black, who watched the exercise, is seen looking over a wall in upper left-hand picture. Lower right: Resting their tired bodies after a hard day. (Staff Photographer)

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

SUMMER BUFFET
SPECIALS

By ALICE DENHOFF

THERE are people who sneer at meat loaf as being dull, uninspired fare and only a device for using up left-overs. But treat these same carping critics to jellied meat loaf, and the reception will be very different—or, at least, that has been our experience.

During the summer months, jellied meat loaf is an ideal way to use up left-over beef, veal or pork roast. This cool dish is a wonderful choice for summer luncheons. It is suitable for the main dish of dinner, too, if served with a hot vegetable and hot rolls, and, for dessert, fresh fruit and cookies.

COLOURFUL SEASONING

For a jellied meat loaf that is brightly flavoured with bright red pimiento and snappily flavoured with pickle relish and onion, use 2 c. ground cooked beef, veal or pork. Soak 1 tsp. plain gelatin in 1/2 c. cold water, then dissolve in 1 1/2 c. boiling hot meat broth. Add 1 tsp. salt and 2 tsp. lemon juice. Cool. When mixture begins to jell, add 1/2 tsp. onion juice, 2 tsp. chopped pimiento, 1/4 c. each sweet pickle relish and chopped celery and the meat.

Rinse loaf pan in cold water. Slice one hard-cooked egg, and arrange slices in bottom of pan. Pour a little of the meat mixture over the egg slices and allow to harden. Then add remaining meat mixture. Place in refrigerator to firm. Serves 6 to 8.

It wouldn't be summertime without a little buffet entertaining—a meal that is easy on both hostess and guests.

A modified smorgasbord is one idea that many hostess find most successful.

DESSERT PANCAKES

For dessert, serve paper thin Swedish pancakes spread with fruit preserves and rolled in powdered sugar, and perhaps something more hearty, such as cheesecake. For the waistline watchers, serve wafer cookies and fresh fruit or fruited gelatin desserts.

To prepare the jellied veal for 6 to 8 servings, use 3 lbs. veal, chuck, breast or neck.

Wipe meat with damp cloth and place in kettle. Cover with boiling water and boil 5 min. Skim. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for about 2 hrs. or until meat is very tender, adding salt and pepper when half done.

Remove meat from bones and put through food chopper with 1 slice onion and 1 stalk celery. Return to stock and cook until thick but moist, stirring constantly. Add 2 tsp. finely chopped parsley. Pack in loaf pan and chill thoroughly. Unmould and cut in slices for serving.

By the way, this jellied veal makes marvellous sandwich meat.

PRETTY KITCHEN
CABINETS

KITCHEN cabinets are more attractive than ever, improved with sliding doors, rounded corners, with see-through glass panels and adjustable shelves. They are done in new plastics as well as painted wood and natural wood. Such cabinets need more attention than simply going over them with a cleaning cloth, or just dabbing away at finger marks.

Painted wood cabinets need special care. Some women get the scrubbing brush and give painted surfaces a going over. And after the job is done, the paint does look clean, but it also looks mighty dull. Scrubbing with harsh abrasives will dull the gloss and make proper cleaning progressively harder. A cloth wrung out of sudsy water may whisk off the marks, especially if you make it a practice to wipe all cabinet doors each day as you do the dishes.

But there are better methods: better both for the paint and the appearance of the cabinet. One of the best ways to clean woodwork is with a creamy emulsion kitchen wax. The wax will take away the soil and leave a film that will make the wood more dirt-resistant. Avoid waxes and polishes that are dark in colour, as they may

discolour the paint. If you prefer, use a paste or paint cleaner, especially if the wood has been neglected for a time. But use a cleaner that is mild. What is made for this purpose is not a strong alkaline solution. Then give the wood cabinets a fine waxing to keep them looking bright and make them more impervious to dirt and smudges.

Fashionable these days now that the kitchen has become a sort of living room annex, are cabinets of natural wood, knotty pine, birch or maple.

Even though such woods don't show finger marks and the usual kitchen smudges, that's no reason to neglect them. They need just as much loving care as the painted wood cabinets, for they are beautiful only as long as they are free of film that obscures their natural beauty and lustre.

As with all wood, wax does the best job of protection, since it both cleans and preserves. Give the cabinets a light or heavy waxing depending on the original finish.

Regular liquid polishing does a spiffy job, but if you like kitchen wax, use that instead. Water won't damage the wood or its lustre, so wipe off sticky smudges with a clean damp cloth or a sponge wrung out of warm sudsy water, then wipe dry thoroughly, giving the wood a buffing as you dry it to restore the gloss. Takes but a minute, but it will keep the cabinets' ornamental as well as useful.

—Eleanor Ross

Home Is What She Made It

By Joan O'Sullivan

NEED any walls knocked down, furniture constructed, fireplaces built?

Lilli Ann Killen is the girl for the job. She looks like a slim, freckle-faced, typical teen. Don't be deceived! The feminine Miss Killen, actually and unbelievably in her twenties, is (from a work point of view) handier to have around the house than any man we ever heard of.

Take Miss Killen's apartment—and no one but Lilli Ann would have taken it in its original state. On the second floor of an ancient synagogue on New York's lower east side, the rooms were used for the making of sacramental wines. Walls, encrusted with mashed grapes and badly stained, had a fermented fragrance.

A Girl With Vision

The place scarcely looked or smelled livable, but Lilli Ann's a girl with vision. Furthermore, the apartment happens to be right around the corner from the famed Henry Street Settlement, where Lilli Ann teaches ceramics to some 175 children, teen-agers and adults.

Lilli Ann, as she puts it casually, knocked down one wall to make a huge living-bedroom area. She knocked down another wall to give her access to the bathroom, previously reached from the outside hall. This outside entrance she sealed off.

Then, she had the bathtub removed (to the Settlement, where it's used for mixing clay) and installed a shower, laying the tile floor herself and lining the walls with plastic to make them showerproof. Nothing to it—or so she says.

As for decorating, Lilli Ann believes in do-it-yourself—and on a shoestring.

Behind The Draperies

Her entrance hall is more than that—it serves as a dressing room and storage area. One wall is draped with gay yellow fabric. Behind the drapes you'll find three storage units. One holds a dresser, hooks for her belts, shelves for cosmetics and her handbags. A second serves as a clothes closet; a third has shelves for linen and a big clothes hamper. The windows here, like the others in the apartment, is covered with translucent plastic. "It lets the light come in," Lilli Ann explained, "but it doesn't permit people to see in."

The huge living-bedroom shows her talent, too. Walls are covered with burlap, for texture as well as camouflage. Hung like wallpaper, it has still another advantage: It doesn't show nail marks, making it possible to change picture hangings and wall ornaments around at will.

Huge Room Divider

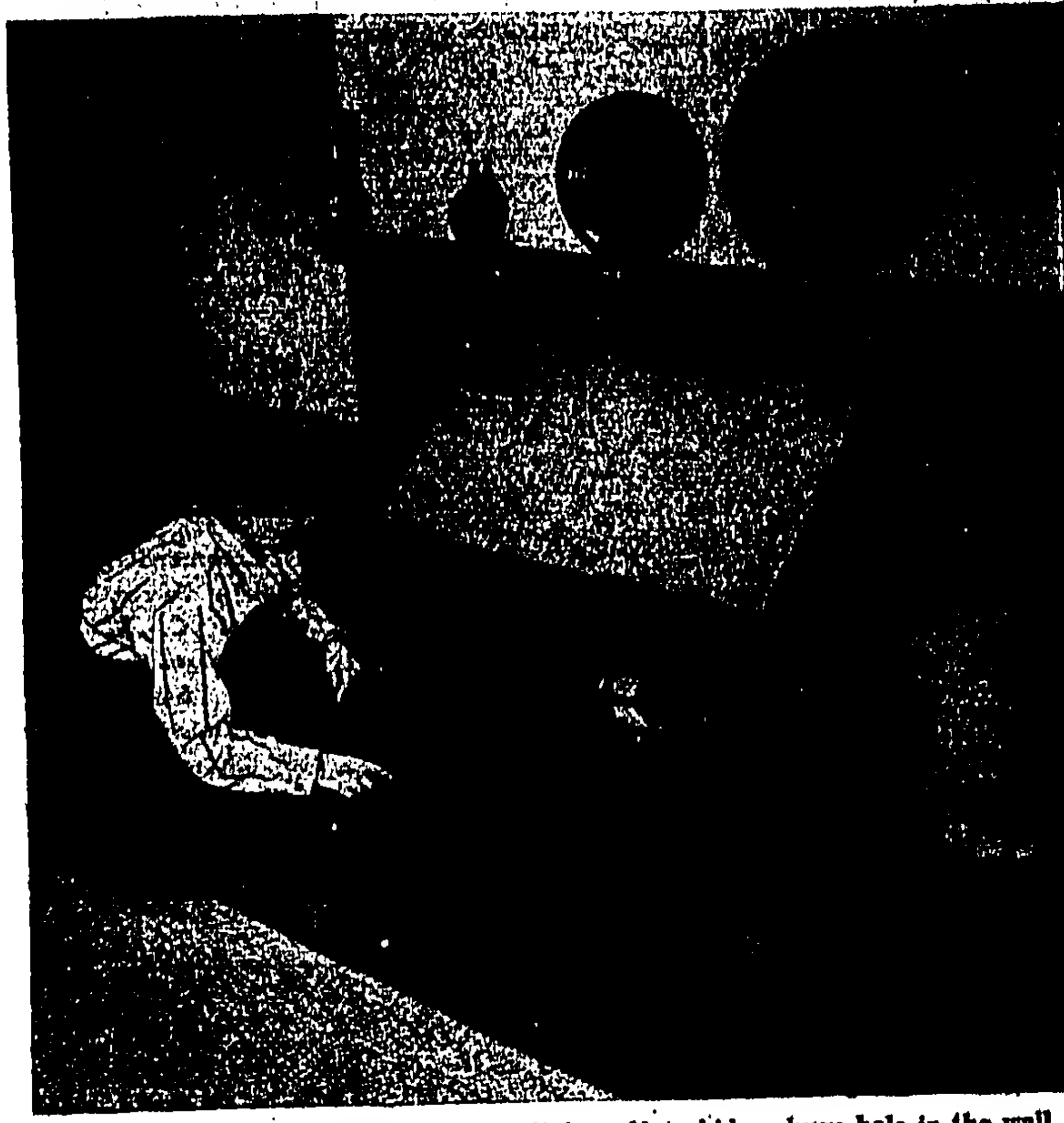
The prize furnishing is a huge room divider designed and made by Lilli Ann.

One side of the divider has a low bench which serves as a coffee table or a cutting board for serving. A sofa stands on the other side of the divider. "It's not really a sofa," Lilli Ann confided. "It's my bed—a big one. That's why I built a shelf on the other side of the divider. Half of the bed is rolled under it. That's so it will look like a sofa during the day."

It's a practical piece, that room divider, and a pretty one, since the shelves are used to display ceramics made by her students.

The fireplace is another Lilli Ann production.

"There used to be a pot bellied stove there," she said. "When I took it out, there was



LIKE THE FIREPLACE? She made it herself to hide a huge hole in the wall. Lilli Ann Killen uses the mantel to display pottery made by her students.



TWINE, wrapped round and round an old chair, makes a very comfortable back and seat.



IT LOOKS LIKE A SOFA, but it's a bed. Half of it is rolled under the room divider and concealed by a handy low bench on the other side.



JAPANESE PAPER novelties cost little and make walls—which are burlap-covered and don't show nail marks—very decorative.

TREATMENT FOR ACNE

By Herman N. Bundesen, MD

ADOLESCENCE without acne is a rare thing. There are few teen-agers without at least a few pimples.

Many adolescents, however, develop many pimples or acne of the face along with extensive involvement.

Also, this condition is by no means limited to adolescents. It may be seen in women going through the menopause, and in young children before they enter adolescence.

VARYING INTENSITY

The severity of the acne varies greatly from person to person. Some believe that this disease is outgrown. This is by no means certain. It is not uncommon to

see some periods in the late twenties or thirties with acne.

The ideal cure for acne is one that does not cause any physical scarring or emotional injury. Adolescents with pimples are apt to become very self-conscious and distressed with their problem.

The infection usually begins with the development of what is known as the "oil nose of adolescence." Then, face pimples which may turn pus appear, and eventually large cysts may form. They occur in the openings of the oil glands or the hair follicles.

A person with acne should watch his diet.

Carbonated drinks and chocolate in all forms may be harmful. Plain and starchy should be limited. Medication of iodine, iodine is also important because iodine is

believed, stimulates acne. Limiting fats and sweets also helps.

VITAMIN A USED

The use of Vitamin A has helped many cases of acne. Large doses of this vitamin must be taken, however, and therefore should be given under the direction of a physician.

In certain persons, female hormones may be of help.

The basic drugs that should be applied to most cases of acne are antibiotics—penicillin, sulphur, and resorcinol. These drugs in various forms of salves can help most cases. Ultraviolet rays and mild dosages of superficial X-rays, as the physician directs, also sometimes help.

Any person who suffers from this condition should not use self-treatment, but should consult a physician.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If grease is spilled on rubber or asphalt tile, if it is dusted with an oil mop, or if a buffing type wax is used on it, the colours will run. Always use a self-polishing wax on rubber or asphalt tile floors.

The sponge type floor mop, squeezed very dry from soapy water, keeps wooden floors clean, picking up the fuzzy dirt which often escapes a dry mop.

For a perfect dustless mop, will pick up dust readily and leave no smudges, use a cloth mop. In a solution of 1/2 cup of white vinegar and 1/2 cup of water. Allow to dry thoroughly before using.

LEAGUE BOWLS

EVERY POINT COUNTS NOW IN THE RACE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP

Recreio Blues' 3-2 defeat by Kowloon Bowling Green Club during the week has changed the race for First Division Lawn Bowls League honours into an interesting two-way affair between them and the Kowloon Cricket Club.

With only two matches to go, the Blues take on their clubmates, Recreio Whites, this afternoon. They must take at least four points from this match and a further four points from Kowloon Bowling Green Club in their last match of the season to build up a 60-40 chance of retaining the title.

The Kowloon Cricket Club, who are four points behind the League leaders with one game in hand have a harder way to go and will be given a grand opportunity to show their fighting qualities in the remaining matches.

Mathematically they can collect a maximum number of 15 points out of these matches to chalk up an aggregate of 61½ as against a possible maximum of 60½ by Recreio Blues.

The Cricket Club bowlers however, expect to meet very strong opposition from at least two of their three remaining opponents, Craigenower, Indian Recreation Club and Kowloon Dockers. Twelve points may be possible but for them to collect but the maximum 15 is highly improbable.

The Cox's Road team face the first of their two remaining matches this afternoon when they entertain Craigenower Cricket Club. Whereas the Recreio Blues are expected to

repeat their 4-1 win over the Whites, the Cricket Club bowlers will have a more difficult task at hand in trying to repeat their earlier 4-1 win over the Valley Club. It will probably be a very close game with either side capable of winning by a 4-1 margin, but the odds will be more in the favour of the home team.

CRUCIAL GAME

The Second Division games will also see a crucial game as the League-leading Indian Recreation Club clash with second-placed Hongkong Football Club at Sookunpoo.

The Indians, who are now five points ahead of their nearest rivals, will be almost assured of the title if they come off with four points this afternoon, even though they will still have to play KCC and KIFC in their last two matches.

A 4-1 defeat for them today, however, will give not only the Football Club bowlers themselves but also KCC and

KCC an outside chance of overtaking them before the season ends.

The Football Club made a disastrous slip when they lost to the Police Recreation Club two weeks ago, but are fielding a slightly stronger team this afternoon and should give the Indians a good run for all their worth.

At Cox's Road, Kowloon Cricket Club will have to go all out against Recreio to preserve that small outside chance they have of winning the Championship. They must take at least four points out of this game to stay in the race and on their present form are conceded a more than reasonable chance of succeeding.

Interest in the Third Division matches this afternoon will be confined to Indian Recreation Club and Filipino Club. The Indians just managed to edge out Hongkong Electric last week-end by one shot on the aggregate though losing on two rinks.

A 29-14 victory by A. J. Hussain's rink over that skippered by A. G. Gardner enabled them to carry the day. Both IRC and FC have three games each to go. This afternoon the Indians, who are 2½ points ahead of their rivals, will be away to USRC while the Filipinos will be guests at Craigenower. With both teams likely to win by 4-1 margins, there may not be any substantial alteration in the League table by the end of the week.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
Recreio "A" v. Recreio "B"
KCC v. CCC
FC v. KBGC
IRC v. KCC
PRC (bye)

Second Division
KCC v. Recreio
HKCC v. KBGC
IRC v. HKFC
TC v. PRC
CCC v. USRC (postponed)

Third Division
USRC v. IRC
KCC v. FC
CCC v. FC
HKERC v. HKFC

LEAGUE STANDINGS

	First Division	P	W	D	L	Pts
Recreio	"Blues"	14	11	0	3	50½
KCC		13	10	0	3	46½
CCC		13	8	0	5	37
IRC		12	7	0	5	34
KBGC		12	7	0	5	32
Recreio	"Whites"	14	8	0	6	30
PRC		14	6	0	8	27
FC		13	3	0	10	11½
KDC		13	2	0	11	16½
	Second Division					
IRC		15	12	0	3	51½
HKFC		15	9	0	6	46½
KCC		15	9	0	6	45
Talkoo		15	9	0	6	43
Recreio		15	8	0	7	43
CCC		14	9	0	5	41½
HKCC		15	6	0	9	30½
USRC		15	5	0	10	30½
KBGC		14	4	0	10	20½
PRC		15	3	0	12	18
	Third Division					
IRC		11	9	0	2	42½
FC		11	9	0	2	40
HKERC		12	7	0	3	38
KCC		11	7	0	4	34
USRC		13	5	0	8	20½
HKFC		10	4	0	6	20½
PRC		11	3	0	8	20
CCC		14	3	0	11	18½

HUNGARIANS TO PLAY AT HAMPDEN PARK

Ferenc Puskas and the Hungarian streamlined soccer side will play Scotland at the famous Hampden Park stadium, probably on December 8, a week after the England v. Germany match at Wembley.

When the Hungarians were approached about the fixture after the World Cup they proposed sending a reserve team. Said Scottish officials: only your best will be acceptable. (London Express Service).

England's Cricket Bat Industry Hit By Tree Disease

England's cricket bat-making industry may be in danger unless there is a check to a disease now affecting willow trees — from which bats are made.

A possible bat famine is forecast by willow tree growers in the county of Essex following a recent order for the destruction of 15,000 trees worth about £200,000 found to be affected with watermark disease.

Ninety per cent of all the willows used for cricket bats are grown in Essex.

In an attempt to overcome the problem, Essex County Council have taken on two extra officers besides their normal inspectors to tour the county checking all young trees.

If one is found to be contaminated, the owner is ordered to fell it and burn it immediately. He does so at his own expense and receives no compensation.

At Lenden Roding and High Easter—once the home of willow tree growing—row after row of trees are felled with the disease and the areas have now been abandoned.

Mr J. Lanyon, who has 3,000 trees at Stobbing where he has grown willows for more than 40 years, recently had to destroy 50 trees.

He said: "They will mean a loss to me of about £400 but we are only too pleased to act quickly as the disease spreads so rapidly." (London Express Service).

Now— NYLON-ARMOURED for more HARD play

The Slazenger Ball, thanks to its 514 cloth that wears rough, has earned an unchallenged reputation for long life. Now a way has been found to protect the essential wool in the 514 cloth by means of Nylon and Terylene fibres. With its new nylon 'armour' the Slazenger Ball provides so much more good play that it is important to know that badly soiled balls can quickly be restored to whiteness by washing with a nail brush and any modern detergent.

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ALL SET



Tom Ingham, Queen's Park Rangers skipper, is all set for the new season... but the armful of footballs is only for practice.

David Sheppard May Not Enter The Ministry After All

By ARCHIE QUICK

David Sheppard, of Sussex, England's substitute captain for Len Hutton in two of the Test matches against Pakistan this summer, may not enter the Ministry after all. He has read theology at Oxford University and passed his preliminary examinations but he may not take the Church of England cloth. His heart is in cricket and he is one of the greatest post-war players and if he can find a good job in commerce he will remain that way.

One of the most remarkable incidents in a remarkable day's play at Eastbourne was the general confusion over the time for drawing stumps. Sussex and Glamorgan had played from 11 a.m. to 7 p.m. Sussex had a first innings lead of 229 and had taken seven Glamorgan second innings wickets for 99. The Sussex captain claimed an extra half hour to obviate play on a third day. He did not get it—and then everyone was doubtful about the MCC laws on the matter.

Umpires Alec Skellding and George Mobey confessed they did not know. Nobody knew, except Glamorgan captain Wilf Wooller, who was emphatic that the umpires were wrong. Strangely enough, he knew, it had happened before this season when Glamorgan played Yorkshire at North—and one of the umpires was George Mobey! "It is up to our opponents to find out," said Wooller. "Personally, I shall pray for rain."

TRIUMPH FOR COX

The day's play was a triumph for George Cox, whose 133 may be his last first-class century. He is retiring to become cricket and football coach at Winchester School where Hubert Doggart is a master and a former Sussex player. Ted Bowley, is the present coach.

The day also saw the completion of a remarkable week for young Sussex all-rounder Alan Oakman. Sussex and Glamorgan had met twice in successive matches and Oakman's record was 32 and 70 not out, plus five wickets for 40 at Swanscombe, followed by seven for 38 and 50 runs at Eastbourne.

Ian Thomson, another Sussex bowler completed his 100 wickets in a season for the first time after two blank matches and Wilf Wooller got to within nine runs and six wickets to become the first player of the season to complete the "double"—1,000 runs and 100 wickets. He had never previously accomplished the feat.

Glamorgan, in the process of rebuilding their side, had crept up into fourth place in the table and Wooller is convinced that he now has the youngsters to make another bid for the Championship.

Randolph Turpin's Comeback Postponed

Randolph Turpin's comeback as a light-heavyweight, planned for next month, has been put back until November 16, at Harringay.

For his training will shortly be interrupted by two domestic events. He has bought a house in North Wales and will be moving there from Warwick, and wife Gwyneth is expecting their first baby in a few weeks' time.

Another boxer in the news is Cuban heavyweight Nino Valdes, ranked No. 2 to Ezzard Charles among world title challengers to Rocky Marciano—Don Cockell is No. 1.

Valdes has been offered a fight in London in October and it is possible he may meet the winner of the Johnny Williams v. Jack Hobbs contest at Harringay on September 14. (London Express Service).

Save Cricket From The All-Rounders

Says DENNIS HART

English cricket has become "all round" conscious. The man who can score runs and take a few wickets is seen by many to be the salvation of the game. But when, on September 15, the S. S. Orsova sails from Tilbury taking the MCC team to Australia, its complement will include only one player chosen for batting and bowling—Trevor Bailey, the "Iron Man" of Essex.

Does this mean then that England has no other all-rounders? Far from it. Nearly every county has at least one: men like Don Bennett and Fred Titmus of Middlesex; Glamorgan's Alan Watkins and Wilf Wooller; Brian Close, Yorkshire; Ray Smith, Essex; Maurice Leicestershire, and not the least important, the two Australians, Bruce Dooland, Nottingham, and George Tribe, Northants.

For obvious reasons Dooland and Tribe are not eligible. Yet none of the others found a place in the MCC side. Why? Because taking Test wickets and scoring Test runs is a specialist's job. There is no room for the man tolerably good at both.

FIGHTING QUALITIES

Even Bailey owes his inclusion as much to fighting qualities as to field ability. And the fact must be faced that should England's fast bowling battery come off in Australia, skipper Len Hutton may well be in the embarrassing position of having to drop the man who did so much to regain the Ashes for England.

With two of the Statham-Tyson-Loader trio to open the attack and Alec Bedser to follow, Hutton, assuming he follows the modern trend of playing five bowlers in the six-day Tests, will have no room for Bailey as a bowler.

For two spinners must be included. To qualify as a batsman, Bailey would have to replace Gravetye at No. 5, or Simpson as an opening partner for Hutton.

But can England afford to carry a long tail, and if not how can she avoid one without including all-rounders?

Recent events at the Oval underline the necessity for strengthening the batting. The answer lies not in producing people who do both moderately well but in having bowlers, specialists in their art, who can also bat a bit, and/or batsmen who can turn an arm.

England has got some men of this calibre. Johnny Wardle for instance, the Yorkshireman of the practical jokes, accurate left arm spin bowling and lusty hitting.

A couple of Wardles in the side and Hutton would have less fear of the tall folding up, and his bowling strength would not be impaired.

The advantage of the specialist has been nowhere better illustrated than in Australia. The Aussies founded their cricket success on specialists—Bradman, Pontifex, Barnes, Morris, Lindwall, Johnston etc. And one of the main reasons for the present demise has been the reliance on all-rounders.

The Australians wanted more Keith Millers. They failed to recognize that the Millers of this world come once in a lifetime. Last year three budding Millers came to England with the touring party, Ron Archer, Alan Davidson and Ritchie Benaud.

WORTH IT?

What happened? Archer, primarily a bowler, did average 23 in five Test innings. But he took only four Test wickets. Originally a batsman, Davidson did take eight wickets. Yet his ten innings yielded only 182 runs. Benaud in five innings made 15 runs while his two wickets cost 187.

The tragedy is that all three are fine natural cricketers. Had they developed their talents singly they would surely have done better and might well have been the cause of saving the Ashes for Australia. Australia and England can both heed this lesson. Instead of "all-rounders to save cricket" the cry should be "save cricket from all-rounders."

BEDSER CLASS

Just think back on the great names of cricket: Bradman, Hutton, Compton, Larwood, Verity, Headley—specialists all. And who did so much to gain Pakistan that shock 1-1 draw in the current series against England, an all rounder? No, a specialist, Fazal Mahmood, a bowler of the Alec Bedser calibre and class.

In England there is a wealth of potential talent, of schoolboys who like to play their cricket fully, batting and bowling as much as they can.

This is all very well at school. But a lad cannot develop both arts simultaneously in the first class game. If he tries almost certainly he will fall between two stools.

Berry Leaving Lancashire

Bob Berry, former England left arm bowler who toured Australia in 1950-51 and played in two Tests against the West Indians in 1950, is leaving Lancashire—the club with whom he made his debut six years ago.

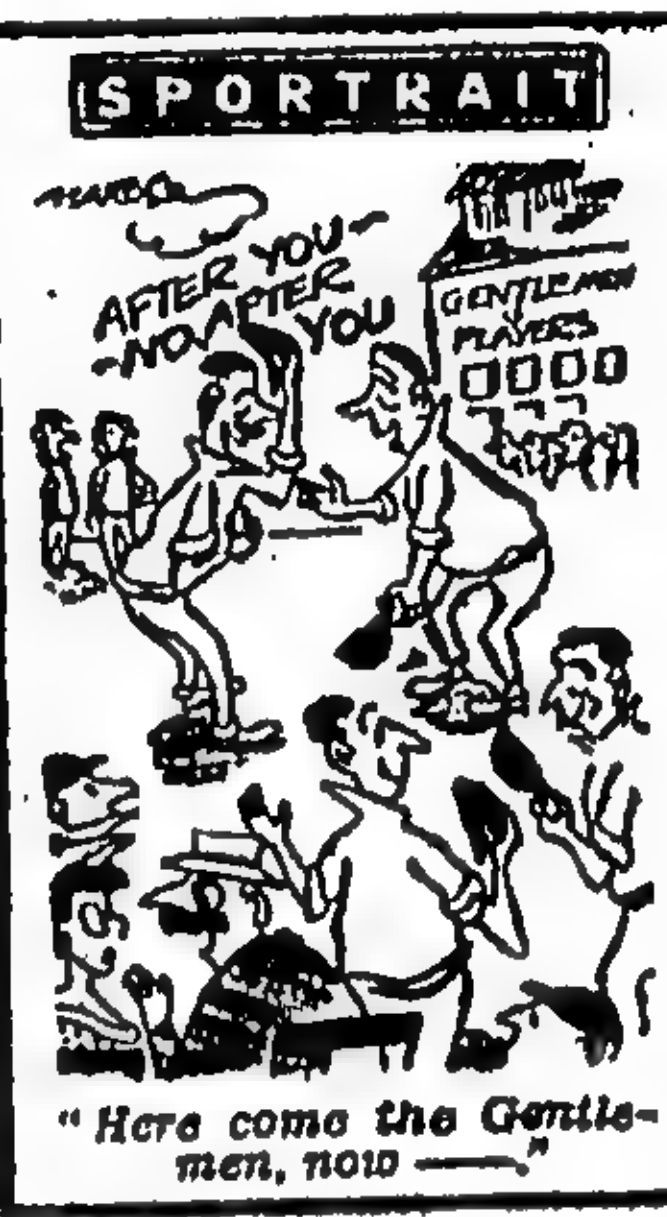
Marston Berry, who is 28, has been competing for four seasons with Malcolm Hilton for the position of the club's left-arm spinner-in-chief.

He is expected to join Kent where 40-year-old Doug Wright, another former England spinner, is skipper. (London Express Service).

BOWLS TROPHY 284 YEARS OLD

A bowls trophy dating back nearly 300 years was played for by two Birmingham clubs—Kynoch and Bakers—recently. The All-England Non-Borrow Cup competition was started in 1870, and King Charles II took an interest in it.

The donors were the Worshipful Tinplate Workers Guild, who were the sponsors of the "Birmingham City Bowls Club." The "allies" was to avoid any tax complication. Kynoch, the winners, were captained by George Cummings, the former Aston Villa, and Scottish international full back.



STOCK-CAR RACING RUMPUS

It had to come, as with all new sports that take the public fancy in a big way. They are saying that despite the tremendous attraction of stock-car racing wherever it has been staged in London or the Provinces, all is not well so far as the competing drivers are concerned.

There are pretty general complaints of inadequate expense allowances, poor facilities at tracks, too little prize-money at capacity crowded meetings, and of drivers taking unnecessary risks in unsafe cars.

Stock-car driver William ("Ginger") Holby, of Sale, Cheshire, contends that there is a solution to this—a drivers' federation.

As a result of preliminary talks he has had here and there he hopes to form one.

Says "Ginger": "The situation at some tracks is chaotic. Races often end in arguments, and there was something of a fight at one meeting."

The majority of drivers are ex-speedway men. Considering the risks they take, there is somewhat meagre reward, even for the leading prize winners.

At most meetings in Britain all starters receive £10, which they need in view of their expenses, particularly after racing when battered machines need considerable repair in readiness for the next battle.

Winners of heats receive a mere £15 and runners-up £8, £6, £4 and £3, down to the fifth places.

In the final, prize money starts at £35 and finishes at £50 for fifth man. And this at meetings where the money rolls in from attendances ranging from 10,000 to 40,000 people.

POP



SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



REFLECTIONS ON THE FINAL TEST AND THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE

By PETER DITTON

Where Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, India and the West Indies failed, little Pakistan, babes of the Imperial Cricket Conference, have succeeded. First go, they have won a Test match in England and, more important still, drawn a four-match series.

It is true that the weather played a considerable part in the matches. It ruined the first game at Lord's and almost certainly saved Pakistan from defeat at Manchester. But that is merely part and parcel of an English summer and in no way detracts from the merit of their performance.

Like England since the war, Pakistan owed a great deal to a pair of key players, with other members of the team playing secondary, but nonetheless important, roles.

EQUAL OF ANY

In Fazal Mahmood they have a medium-paced new-ball bowler who, of his type, is the equal of any in the world. In the doll-like 19-year-old Hanif they have an opening batsman with all the subtle skill of a Test veteran.

Without a shadow of doubt, they could walk into any present-day Test side. They are Hutton and Bedser for England, were the cornerstones upon which Kardar, himself no mean cricketer, built up his match-winning side.

It took him some considerable time to hit upon the match-winning combination. He found, as many touring captains before him, that pre-conceived notions as to the likeliest-looking Test eleven do not always work out in practice.

The more credit to him, therefore, that in the short space of three months he was able to bring together the best players from a party in whose original selection he was not concerned.

Apart from Fazal and Hanif, who have already been mentioned, one also needs to single out wicket-keeper Imtiaz Ahmed, who caught seven batsmen in the last match to bring his total for the series to 11. He was already a good wicket-keeper when the tour started and has, since improved with every match.

And then there are the two other heroes of the final victory, pint-sized off-spinner Zulfiqar and the equally diminutive Wazir, Hanif's elder brother. Zulfiqar's lack of height will always handicap him in his bowling but he does his best to make amends by tossing the ball well up and loses little in the way of accuracy in so doing. Wazir, a slightly portly figure, has a fine defence, with bat held remarkably upright, and as he showed in the last wicket stand with Mahmood, his lack of inches are no handicap when it comes to punching the ball on the off-side.

IMMEASURABLE

In Pakistan the impetus which the win will give to the cause of cricket should be almost immeasurable. The next visit

to England lies eight years ahead and while a number of the present team will be challenging for places there must be a minimum of eight vacancies upon which youngsters now learning to handle a bat and ball can concentrate their endeavours.

It is unfortunate, of course, that the profits from the tour will not be of sufficient proportions to permit lavish spending in the way of cricket schools and the provisions of equipment. But money is not all important and providing the interest is there as it now must be, the game will continue to spread and grow.

The victory cannot have done other than encourage Australian hopes of regaining the Ashes in the months ahead. For even while England were forced to put upon a rain-affected wicket in their first innings they were bowled out on a perfectly good pitch at the second attempt.

The important question is whether such optimism can be justified. In other words, is England's showing at the Oval to be taken as a basis on which to judge their performance in Australia?

To a degree I feel this is the case. But I am still banking on Hutton to have the Ashes in his possession when the MCC arrive home next year.

OBVIOUS LESSONS

There are obvious lessons to be learned from the defeat inflicted by Pakistan. First and foremost is that there are not enough good batsmen in England to justify a "tail" which commences at number six. From this it follows logically that five bowlers as such alone cannot be included against Australia.

Hutton has been given seven specialist bowlers for the tour, in addition to all-rounder Bailey. There are, therefore, many combinations upon which he can work, and the eventual composition of the attack will be determined by the performances of the various individuals on Australian wickets.

It would, I think, be a mistake to revert to the tactics employed in England last year when only three specialist bowlers were employed in addition to Bailey.

The combination was extremely effective, bearing in

mind England's desire not to lose any of the early Tests, but now the Ashes have been regained such a negative policy would not be justifiable.

Four bowlers plus Bailey and wicket-keeper Evans would still leave England room for only five specialist batsmen. But Bailey at number six and Evans at number seven are a better looking "tail" than Wardle at number seven.

Of the first five, Hutton and Compton are automatic choices—as should be Edrich. Presuming that Simpson, as the only other recognised opening batsman, gets the number two position, this leaves one place to be fought for between May, Cowdrey and Graveney.

Cowdrey is as yet without overseas tour experience. May has played in the West Indies and Graveney has experience there as well as India. In the West Indies neither he nor May fulfilled the high promise they had shown during previous seasons in England. Though since their return they have been scoring heavily in county matches.

It will make life considerably easier for Hutton if one or both can reproduce their best county form in Australia.

—(London Express Service.)

TABLE TENNIS TOURNAMENT PLANNED

Non-Chinese table tennis players are to have a tournament all to themselves. This is being organised by the Missions to Seamen at Gloucester Road and entries close on September 30.

The organisers feel that there should be considerable interest in such a tournament as the standard at Chinese-run competitions is too high for the average non-Chinese player.

The Secretary of the Missions to Seamen is also making available a badminton court for Servicemen who wish to use it. This will be available only in daylight hours every day of the week.

Don't Get The Breeze Up!

Says BERNARD HUNT

Don't get the wind-up when it's windy. That is what my father used to say. Relax rather than stiffen up. Don't let a breeze alter your style. If you do, it will beat you and ruin your golf.

I am well aware that all that is much easier said than accepted and put into practice. Very few of us can really ignore the problems which blow into our game when half a gale suddenly hits us. But the old advice—not to get the wind up and not to stiffen up—is thoroughly sound. I have always found that knowledge gets rid of panic quicker than anything else, so let's discuss this wind problem more closely.

When I am hitting into wind I only alter one thing in my swing—and that only a fraction. All I do is keep my hands a little more in front of the club-head at the address and throughout the shot. The main point is that the alteration is very minute. And it is designed to keep the ball lower than usual in flight. If the wind is of near gale force I might also shorten my swing a little and widen my stance slightly in order to try to maintain balance more easily.

DON'T HIT HARDER

Otherwise I just go through and hit the ball in the ordinary way. The strong tendency is always to try to hit harder than usual, because you know you will lose length into a head-wind. At all costs you must curb that feeling. You simply must not press. From the tee accept a little less length. Through the green take a club or two clubs more than usual. But don't press. As soon as you try to press you start to sway or lurch or lose timing, and the whole thing is ruined.

The other thing you must NOT do, is to try to steer the ball to keep it on line. Hit it crisply and firmly, and push the club-head right through to the hole.

I am all against the many fancy ideas that are sometimes put forward for beating the wind. The simpler you keep your swing and your whole approach to the problem, the better. For instance I never try to "hook" a shot to counter a wind which sweeps from left to right. Instead, I prefer the much simpler idea of hitting straight down the left hand side of the fairway and allowing the wind to bring the ball in if it wants to do so.

When the wind is blowing from right to left I merely reverse the procedure—hit down the right hand side of the fairway and again let it drift in to the middle. If there is plenty of fairway space I don't mind even closing my stance a little to get slight draw to help the ball to run with the wind helping it. For the handicap player that might be a bit risky, but it does help to give astonishing distance if you play it properly.

EXTRA HEIGHT—HIGHER TEE?

Many people insist that a properly hit ball is not affected by the wind. To a large extent that is probably true. The trouble is that none of us can hit the ball properly all the time. There is always a degree of error somewhere. That is why when you are playing a pitch to the green, into the wind, it is so often better to play a "pushed" type of seven iron rather than your usual high number eight or nine. The pushed seven keeps the ball lower in flight, and the push, with your hands slightly leading the clubhead, helps it to hold line.

When you are playing with the wind behind you, the im-

portant thing to remember is to restrain your desire to slam really hard and knock the ball out of sight. That would amount to the old "press" again. Get it into your mind that you don't need extra power. The wind is dead behind you to supply it. If you put the ball in the air the wind will do the rest.

Some people find they can get extra height by hitting from a higher tee. I never think that a good idea. I always find it loses power. The best way to get a better pick-up and still retain the punch you want, is to play the ball a little further from your front foot than usual. The secret, as with all modifications in golf, is on the word "little".

Pitching with the wind behind is always tricky—especially if the ground is hard. There is no trick shot to help you here. You merely have to use common sense and judgment to pitch shorter than usual and judge your run up to the pin.

Summing up these main points then—don't get "windy" in the wind; don't press; don't sway; don't go in for extreme alterations to your swing or grip; widen your stance a little if you feel it would help to keep balance; hit firmly and freely through to the hole; never try to steer.

In brief—relax and make use of the wind rather than let it panic you.

Arsenal Go To Russia—Time The Russians Came To Highbury

Says HAROLD PALMER

Arsenal face the next serious challenge to English soccer. Arrangements are now nearly complete for them to meet Spartak or Moscow Dynamos at the Moscow Stadium on Tuesday, October 5, and for a return game by floodlight at Highbury on Tuesday, November 2.

Arsenal's opponents are not decided yet. Although the vast Moscow Stadium, with its 100,000 capacity, is the home of the Dynamos, apparently Spartak will provide the opposition should they be showing better form.

Anyway, whoever they are, Arsenal at Moscow will certainly be the team to visit London. "There is an air of purposefulness about this place today," commented the not-so-weighty Tom Whittaker, after the departure of Sir Stanley Rous, the FA Secretary, and the First Secretary of the Russian Football Union, who had been finalising the tour arrangements.

That "air" is not new to Highbury. The Arsenal machine may move a little heavily because it is so large, but it is alive and well ordered with a human element.

No one works by the clock, but everyone is imbued with the spirit of unselfish endeavour for the sake of the club.

That spirit starts in the office and extends to the most junior of the young hopes who figure in the trials on Arsenal's new training ground at Southgate.

AN ADEQUATE

Arsenal may be criticised for the development of the stopper centre-half, but Mr Whittaker's defence is as adequate as his team's is on the field.

"Don't forget," he says "that over the years we have scored

more goals than most in the First Division. I have never believed in shooting a line about Arsenal, but when England were on top of the world it was the Arsenal players who were in greatest demand for the national side.

"In those days the idea was that the players should have the ball in training about once a week. We took it for granted that we were on the right lines. The Continentals have shown us more, but we can hit back, and we have been challenged and we accept the challenge."

It would not surprise me if one of these days Arsenal's No. 6 played an attacking game. It would not indicate any departure from the defensive centre-half. It would simply mean the adoption of the Continental habit of having a player with No. 3 on his back doing that job.

Typical of the Arsenal spirit was Peter Goring's reaction when Mr Whittaker told him that he would be tried as the successor to Joe Mercer at left-half.

Goring is sparing in his speech and at first his comment was merely "If you say so." He was not very enthusiastic, but willing to do his best. Now Mr Whittaker believes that he is really getting to like the idea and in last week's trial his form impressed everybody.

Arsenal made only one close season capture. They paid about £10,000 to Brentford for their promising young forward, Jimmy Bloomfield.

MUST HAVE COLOUR

There may soon be more spectacular moves by Arsenal. I asked Mr Whittaker if they would buy and his honest admission that they would surprised me.

"I think we must," he said. "We must have some colour."

So I pressed him about John Charles, Leeds and Welsh international. Yes, he had to agree he would like to have him — end — the necessary advances have been made.

Charles is a good club man. He wants to stay with Leeds, who certainly do not want to sell him. That makes Mr Whittaker all the more eager. "We must have men who have a 'good club spirit' and with that he dashed away to round off his day watching a junior trial at Southgate."

Arsenal are going to be in the news this season, and I should think that they will be back among the honours again.

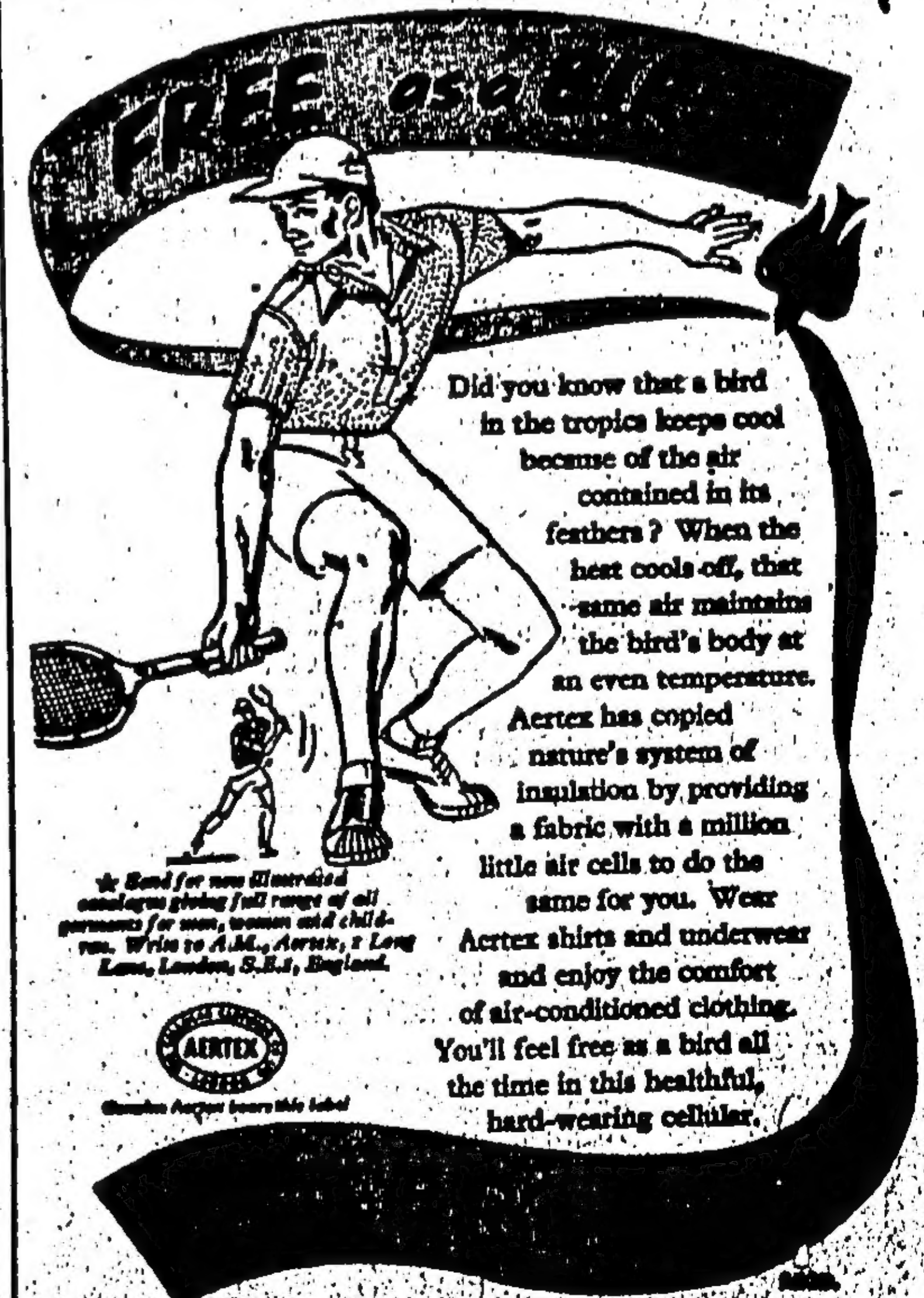
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



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Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CORFU"	24th September	25th October
"CANTON"	22nd October	22nd November
"CHUSAN"	8th November	8th December
"CARTIAGE"	19th November	20th December

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Homewards	Loading	For
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

FOR A NEW AND DIFFERENT HOBBY—

MAKE COLOURED LEAF PRINTS

By VIOLET M. ROBERTS

If you are looking for a new and different hobby, then try making leaf prints on photographic paper. And, before you start thinking that it is too difficult for you, read how easy it is to do.

Select any leaf you wish. One with a distinctive shape such as the maple or oak is a good choice, or you can obtain a lacey effect by choosing pine.

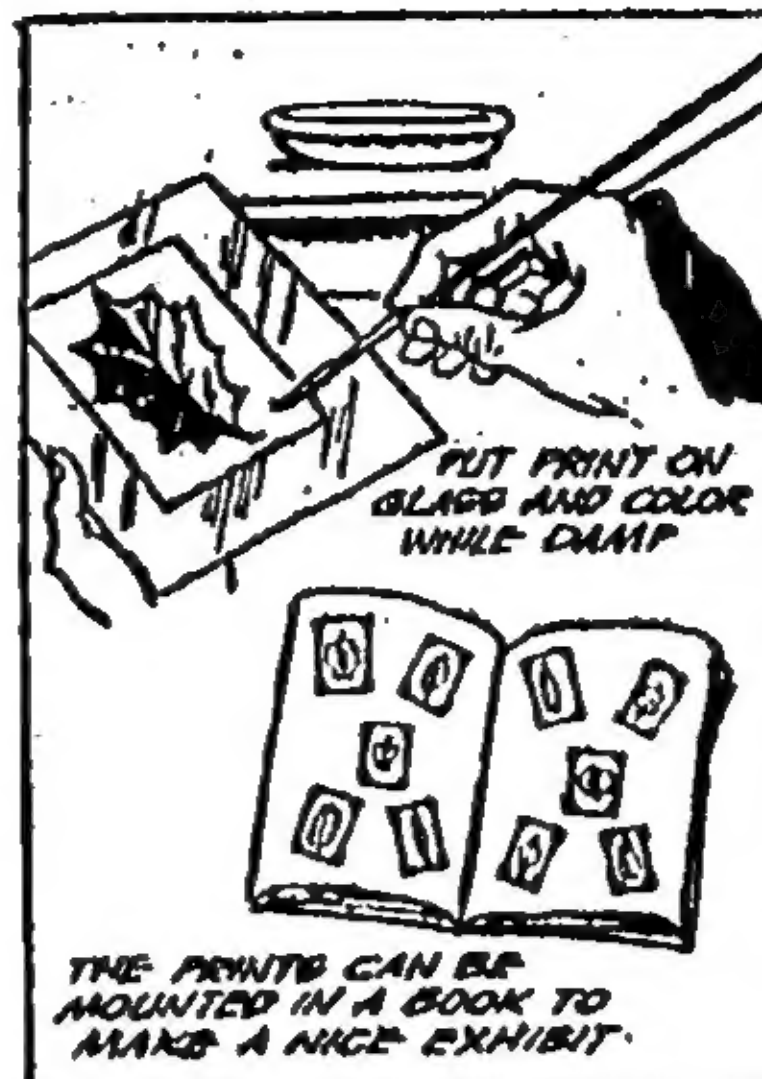
In a very dark room lighted only by a ruby light, place the leaf on the glass of the printing frame. Place the sensitised side of the photographic paper next to the leaf, and clamp down the back of the frame. Expose to a 40-watt lamp at a distance of four inches, for from eight to 15 seconds.

Fix and develop the print under the ruby light.

using the same method which you follow for any photographic print. After the print is properly fixed, wash it in about eight changes of water, leaving it in the water 10 minutes each time.

The next step is to colour the print. Obtain a sheet of dark green Japanese watercolour paper. Place three tablespoons of water in a dish and add a one-inch square of this paper.

Remove the leaf print from the wash water, place it face up on a piece of glass, remove the surface water carefully with a towel, and using a small artist's brush, cover the whole surface of the print with the coloured water. While the print is wet, place it face down on a clean ferrotype plate and press it thoroughly until all water is removed from between the print and plate. Lay the plate aside to dry. When the print is dry it will fall off without effort.



THE PRINT CAN BE MOUNTED IN A BOOK TO MAKE A NICE EXHIBIT.

from you. Therefore, do not try to take it off before it is dry. When the print is dry, it is finished, and you will have your first coloured leaf print. It is best to make only one print the first time. Once you are experienced you can make several prints of different leaves at one time.

Mount them in an album, writing the name of each underneath.

The supplies mentioned are inexpensive, but it helps if there is a camera bug in the family who already has the necessary materials.

The Liberty Torch

LIBERTY — how sweet the word. And how inspiring the Statue of Liberty that has welcomed fugitives from oppression to America for the past 86 years.

Now the U.S. issues a stamp to spread the fame of this beacon still more. The Statue was a gift to America from the people of France to commemorate the first hundred years of U.S. Independence.

The French people contributed \$450,000 for the statue and the Americans added another \$350,000 for the pedestal.

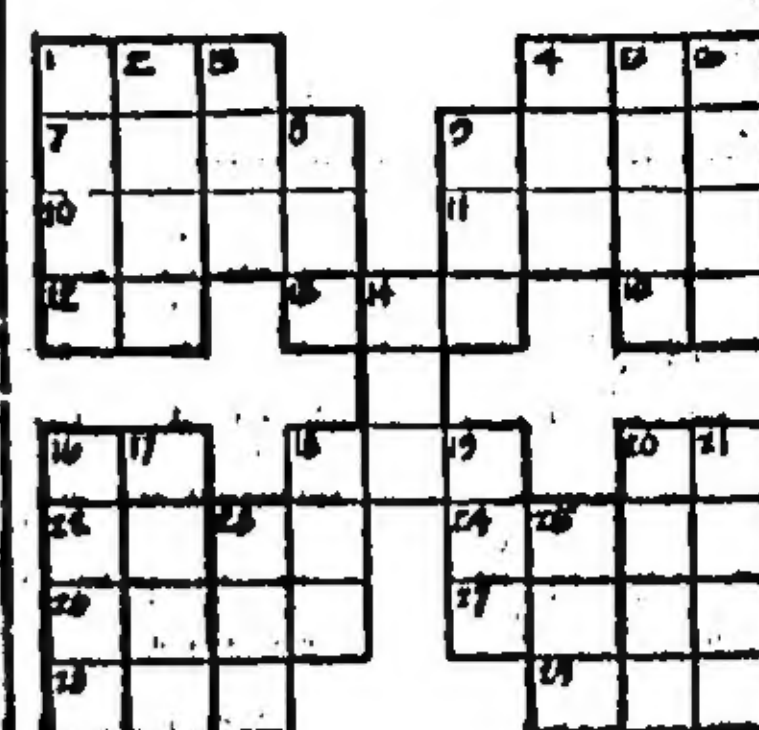
The architect, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, designed the figure of a woman as Liberty. She is 151ft. 1 inch in height and holds aloft a torch which is, with her giant hand, 40ft. higher.

This is the welcome given to everyone entering New York Harbour. And the stamp which shows it is perforated 11, recessed and costs 1d. in London.—J.A.A.



YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

Crossword



Triangle

This Triangle is based on an ORANGE. The second word is an abbreviation for "senior"; third "a Greek letter"; fourth "Ireland"; and fifth "an insect's bite." Complete this triangle:

ORANGE

Where is it?

There are a few structures around the world which have international fame. Some are old, some are new. We give you 10 of them, all built by human hands. You are to do two things: (1) Locate each of these structures. (2) Tell what it is or give some bit of information about it. Score yourself one point for each part. A perfect score is therefore 20, which would be almost too good to be true.

1. The White House.
2. The Colosseum.
3. The Bok Tower.
4. The Empire State Building.
5. Sing Sing.
6. The Louvre.
7. The Rose Bowl.
8. Independence Hall.
9. The Pyramids.
10. The Parthenon.

ACROSS

- 1 Rodent
- 2 Fitch
- 3 Ages
- 4 Rant
- 5 Military assistant
- 6 Individuals
- 7 Egyptian sun god
- 8 First woman
- 9 Right (ab.)
- 10 Street (ab.)
- 11 Born
- 12 Part of "to be"
- 13 Fork prong
- 14 Number
- 15 In a line
- 16 Love to excess
- 17 Wager
- 18 Seine

DOWN

- 1 Erect
- 2 Operate solo
- 3 Small child
- 4 Light brown
- 5 Asseverate
- 6 Pause
- 7 Observe
- 8 Fish eggs
- 9 Contend
- 10 Pierce with a knife
- 11 Wear
- 12 Novel
- 13 Conclusion
- 14 Poker stake
- 15 Encounter
- 16 Negative word
- 17 Electrified particle

Vowel-less

The Puzzlemaster forgot to put vowels in his sentence, so it's up to you to help him out:
Th l d h f t h w l s n d th g h t h f m c r s s t h b r d l g n.

Word marriages

Marry a three-letter word for the first part to a three-letter word for the second part and you'll have a six-letter word as a result of the marriage.
Body of water—Male offspring
Rodent—Pronoun
Pigpen—Permit

(Solutions on Page 20)

Teddy Wants To Write A Book

By MAX TRELL

ONE day Teddy the Stuffed Bear said to Knarf and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about names: "I'd like to write a book."

"Very good idea," said Hand. "I think writing a book is harder than it looks," said Knarf to Teddy.

Getting Started

"That's what I think, too," said Teddy. "But just the same, I'd like to write one. Now how do you start? I mean, how do I start?"

"Why, you don't start at all, Teddy," said Hand. "You just write it. That's what you do."

This didn't seem to Teddy to be a very satisfactory way to write a book. He waited for Knarf to say something, but as Knarf knew just as little about writing a book as Teddy did, Knarf remained silent.

"I guess maybe I'll ask Mr Punch about how to start writing a book," Teddy said.

So they all went over to Mr Punch, who was dozing in his chair by the sunny window. He had a closed book in his lap.

"Hello, Mr Punch," said Teddy in a loud voice.

Mr Punch opened his eyes with a start. "Oh!" he said, looking around in surprise at the two children. "What do you want?"

"What is it you all want? I'm sure it must be something important otherwise you wouldn't have awakened me?"

"Yes, it's something very important," said Knarf. "Teddy wants to know how to write a book."

Teddy nodded. "That's right," he said to Mr Punch. "How do you begin?"

An Authority on Books

"Well," said Mr Punch, who by this time was fully awake. "You came to just the right man, Teddy my friend. I know all about books. I've read them, I've written them, and I've kept them. I've also bought them, borrowed them, lent them, and always enjoyed them."



Each one who guessed his riddle received a lollipop. Those who couldn't guess had to pass their plate to another and, if he couldn't think of an answer, the plate was passed on again. The one who guessed the most riddles and had the largest number of plates before him, won the grand prize of a box of candy.

Rupert and the Spring Chicken—37



The eagle flew so powerfully that when it alighted on Nutwood Hill the Spring Chicken was less than a foot behind it and not in sight. "Well, goodbye," little bear called after it. "I have not yet finished my work, but I may not see you again." Some of the little birds were still watching the eagle.



"You came to just the right man," said Mr. Punch.

them. Sit down and I'll tell you how to write a book.

Teddy sat down at Mr Punch's feet. So did Knarf and Hand. Then Mr Punch smiled down at them. It was a pipe, took a few puffs and began:

"Now the important thing about books is that they all talk."

Hearing this Knarf and Hand and Teddy all exclaimed in a single astonished voice: "What! Books talk?"

"They certainly do," said Mr Punch. "That's what's so wonderful about them. Oh, please don't misunderstand me, please don't talk out loud the way most folks do. But all books are filled with words. And what else do words do but say things? And isn't that exactly what talking is—saying things?"

Knarf and Hand and Teddy all agreed that this was exactly so, even though they had never thought of it in that way before.

"So—before you sit down to write a book, Teddy, you must be quite sure that you have something to talk about."

Teddy was quite sure he had something to talk about, but he wasn't sure at all that he had enough to talk about to fill up a book.

"And another thing," said Mr Punch, "before you can sit down to write a book, you have to be sure that you can write."

Teddy replied that he could write some words. "Not many—just some," he said.

Reading Your Own Words

Then Mr Punch said that before Teddy could sit down to write a book there was still another thing. "You have to know how to read," he said. "You can read the words you've written to be sure that they're the right words."

All in all, Teddy ended up by feeling pretty discouraged about writing a book. But Mr Punch smiled and handed him a sheet of paper, and he showed Teddy and Knarf and Hand how to write their own books. He said that Mr Punch had written the best book he had ever read.

CHINESE CREEDS and CUSTOMS



by
V. R. BURKHARDT

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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28

BORN today, you possess a real touch of genius and it should be your major objective in life to cultivate these gifts and reach the heights of achievement to which you should aspire. Music, drama, the arts as well as philosophy, mathematics and his story are but a few of the fields in which you could find success. The degree of your success will be measured by the degree of your confidence in your ability. Whatever you desire to do—that you may accomplish.

Your mind is one for analysis and reasoning and you are not a person ever to approach a problem superficially. You insist upon reaching down deep to get at the basic roots and facts of everything. Your very thoroughness makes you outstanding in a world where many think that "once over lightly" is all that is necessary for success.

Intuitive, almost to the point of being psychic about people, you are a good judge of character at first sight. Your first impressions are accurate and you rarely, if ever, make a mistake. You have an excellent capacity and will be able to carry on with any and under others as well as being able to carry on by yourself. Although not demonstrative, you are deeply affectionate and should find great and lasting happiness in marriage.

Among those who born on this date are: Goethe, poet; Sir Edward Burnes-Jones, architect; Sir D. Sankey, evangelist; Charlotte Woodriff, actress; John Ferguson Weir, sculptor; James Oliver, inventor; Charles Doyen, actor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 29

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Attending the church of your choice could bring you special joy and pleasure at this time. Seek spiritual advice.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Be careful if you are driving on roads heavy with traffic. Watch out for the other fellow, too.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Work up a pleasant week end. If away from home, get in early start back and go slowly.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—Some hot-and-cold signs are intermingled with the excellent, but if you are careful you will be able to get along.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This could be one of the best days this month. Enjoy yourself, but take time out to make future plans.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19)—You may find it wise to seek spiritual advice in a matter of great importance to your activities.

BORN today, you are one of these unusual combinations of whimsy, caprice, bright humour, yet with serious attitudes toward all the serious things of life. You seem to divide all of living into two parts: your working day, when you are austere and devoted to the business, and your playtime hours, when you forget everything except having a good time. You have a great deal of energy and consequently are able to do many things at one and the same time.

You are fond of people and are a fine host or hostess. You enjoy social life, but prefer entertaining in your own home to going out for the evening and attending public entertainments. It is likely that you will cultivate a group of people who have similar interests and enjoy their company to the exclusion of any casual acquaintances. Fond of music, literature and the arts, you may become the patron or an appreciative audience rather than a performer or active participant.

Your fortune seems to run in cycles. Learn to take advantage of the favourable periods but avoid committing yourself to important decisions during the month of May. In marriage, wed someone born under Scorpio, Libra or Sagittarius for such is apt to be the most congenial.

Among those born on this date are: Maurice Maeterlinck, philosopher; Oliver Wendell Holmes, author; John Locke, philosopher; Albert Ritchie of Virginia and Wm. G. Brownlow of Tennessee, statesmen.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 30

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Good ideas should be a dime a dozen, so select the best one and put it into immediate operation.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—You should be able to trust your hunches today. Act upon whatever comes to mind, first. It will be right.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Even if the flow of ideas appears at its peak for you, it is important that you become highly selective.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—At home—but on the job especially—make use of an innovation in procedure to advance yourself.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Investigate the details of a suggestion made to you by an other before adopting it. Be very sure it is right.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Mar. 19)—A single, bright idea today could pave the way to your fame and fortune, so be on the lookout for it.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—One of those times when your brain is superactive and sensitive to all impressions. Select only the best ideas.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—You should have the green light for anything that you want to do now. Make excellent progress in your career.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Be alert if travelling by heavy traffic, especially during the very early morning hours. Don't

DUMB BELLS



WE HAVE NO SHOWER CURTAINS, WILL AN UMBRELLA DO?

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Be Careful, Avoid Foolish Errors

By OSWALD JACOBY

WHEN today's hand was played in a recent match between England and Scotland, the South player at one table "blew" a cold game. Try playing the hand yourself, and see if you're tempted to make the same mistake.

West opened the ten of diamonds, and East won with the king. East now made an excellent shift to clubs, and South won with the ace. Declarer proceeded to draw three rounds of trumps ending in the dummy, and took the heart finesse, losing to West's king.

Would you play it the same way up to this point? If so, you'd better have an alibi ready because you're going to go down.

West took the heart finesse with the king and led the queen of clubs, forcing out declarer's last trump. Dummy still had a losing club and a losing diamond, and there was no way to prevent the loss of four tricks. It's quite all right to draw three rounds of trumps, but

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—A good, active day, yet you must be warned that only utter frankness and sincerity will get you what you want.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Don't permit haste to thrust you into error or impulse to cause you to disregard important, basic detail.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—An optimistic, philosophical attitude today will bring all daydreams over into your camp. Now get what you want out of life.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—An optimistic, philosophical attitude today will bring all daydreams over into your camp. Now get what you want out of life.

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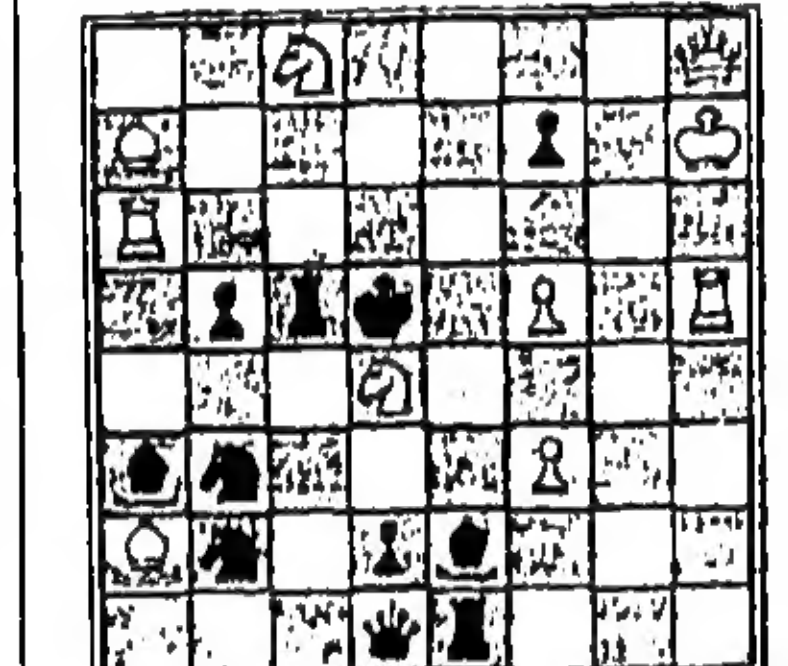
IS THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE OUT OF DATE?—H.K. REACTIONS

He says we have refused any authoritarian supervision over the form of the English language a few lines later he tells us that the publishers and newspaper editors exercise a rigid and conservative control over it. The statement that we write as Dr Johnson decreed that we should, does not bear examination. Who writes now as Johnson did—except for fun? And if he means merely that we spell as Johnson did—a very different thing—even that is very far from an accurate statement. The notion that newspaper editors are conservatively determined to make us write like Johnson is fantastic, seeing that they regularly turn out English which would make him rotate in his grave.

The spread of literacy in the Soviet Union is surely far more due to the fact that the government spent much more money on education than over the years did than any Leninist "remodelling" of the language. For Russian still has a larger alphabet than English, and infinitely more inflections. If the Russians can tackle literacy successfully why should the English, with a language which Mr Barkley calls "a miracle of practical simplicity," find it so hard? When he speaks of English children leaving school at the age of 11 after ten years of compulsory education, one ought to be charitable enough to assume a misprint.

He contrasts the valuable work done by the French Academy with English literature, but later he concedes that the English themselves and the language of genders which the French, and most continental languages, retain. He faces us with a paradox: The English language is simpler than English literature, but the French language is more complex than French literature. He then goes on to say that the English language is simpler than English literature, but the French language is more complex than French literature. He then goes on to say that the English language is simpler than English literature, but the French language is more complex than French literature.

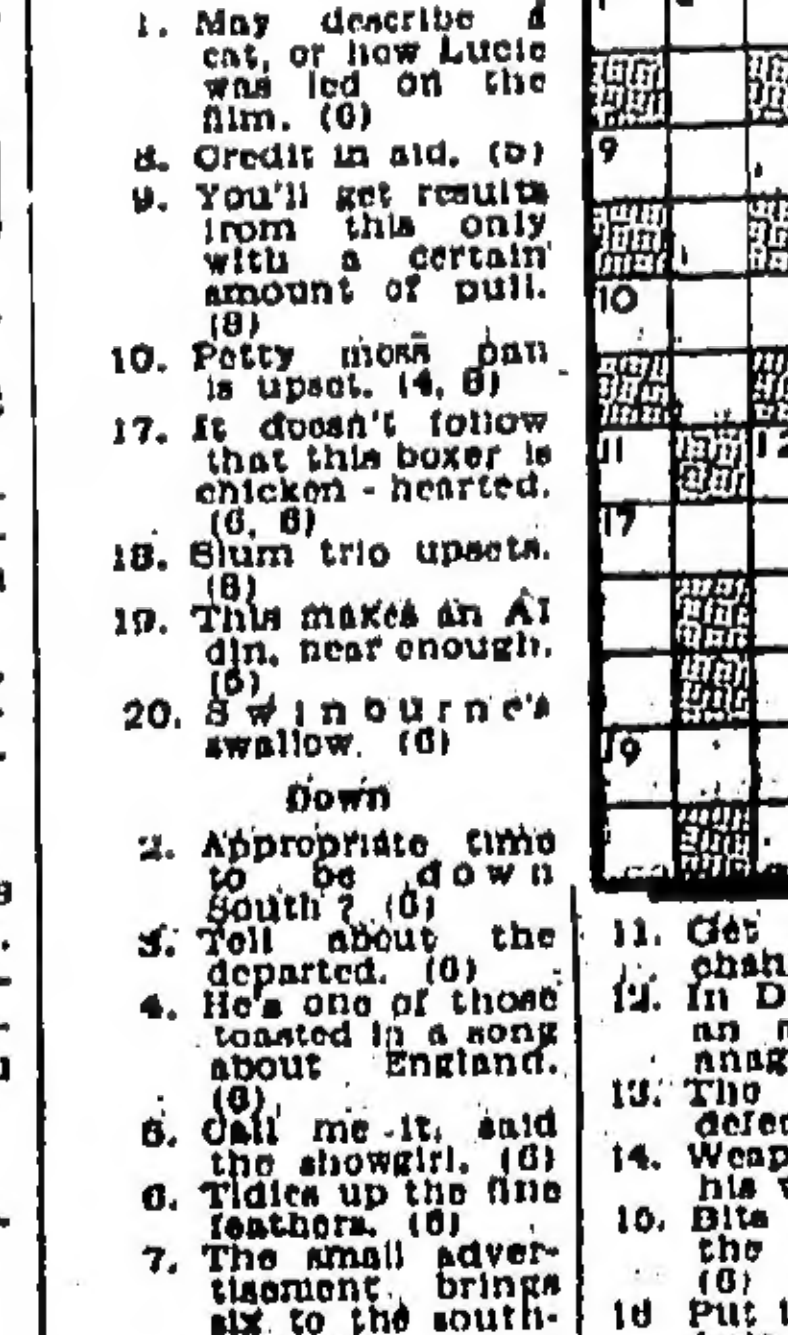
CHESS PROBLEM
By O. STÖCKH
Black 11 pieces.



White, 10 pieces.
White to play, mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:
1. B-K4, threat 2. K1-K6 (dis ch); 1... P-K3; 2. K1-K4 (dis ch); 1... P-K4; 2. K1-K6 (dis ch); 1... B-B3; 2. R-Q8 (ch).

CROSSWORD
Across:
1. May describe a cat, or how Lucie was led on the film. (6)
4. Credit in aid. (6)
9. You'll get results from this only with a certain amount of pull. (6)
10. Petty moon pan is upset. (4)
17. It doesn't follow that this boxer is chicken-hearted. (6)
18. Slum trio upsets. (6)
19. This makes an Al di, near enough. (6)
20. S.W. in Burns's swallows. (6)
Down:
2. Appropriate time to be low. (6)
3. South? (6)
4. Told about the departed. (6)
5. He's one of those who can't stand. (6)
6. Call me it, said the showgirl. (6)
7. The small advertisement in the south-east. (6)
8. Put in the pigeon hole. (6)
11. Get the oat silt changed. (6)
12. In Dave you find a word. (6)
13. The chimney's defect. (6)
14. Weapons from the word. (6)
15. Bits split for the word "Go". (6)
16. Put in the pigeon hole. (6)



Yesterday's solution:
Across:
1. MIAOW
4. CREDIT
9. PULL
10. MOON
17. CHICKEN
18. SLUM
19. ALDI
20. SWALLOW
Down:
2. TIME
3. SOUTH
4. TOLD
5. STAND
6. CALL
7. ADVERT
8. PIGEON
11. OAT
12. DAVE
13. CHIMNEY
14. WEAPONS
15. BITS
16. PIGEON



"And just what you see junior—my, how that boy has grown!"

(Continued from Page 13)

really thinks English is simple or hard? Of English may not be the chief factor in the problem at all.

So much for the article itself. We are left with the two questions:—Does English need "modernising"? and Will "modernising" reduce illiteracy? I should give a firm "No" in reply to both questions, and I will confess to as much prejudice in both cases as you please to charge me with. I am not suggesting that the English language is perfect. I should not object to some minor changes in spelling, but I should not expect them to diminish illiteracy. My fundamental objections to "modernising" are two. First, that language is a living thing of extreme complexity, and it is far better to leave it to grow in its own way as it has done in the past, and in any case "improvements" suggested by authority will be either used or not worth using. Secondly, I regard the notion that things are inevitably improved by modernising them as the vulgar fallacy of the age. My brother once "streamlined" an ordinary little 10 h.p. car until it went like the wind, and roared away from lordly Daimlers in traffic blocks like a rocket. We undoubtedly went from place to place a good deal faster. But the fact that all conversation was impossible, that my feet rested on the plugs, and that there was no windscreen, forbade me to regard the experiment as an improvement.

Mr Barkley can keep his "streamlined" English. He can reduce the vocabulary to five thousand words, the tenses to three, the alphabet to a dozen letters, the grammar to half a page—and then perhaps our children will be able to read it. But it won't be worth reading, and the whole heritage of our literature from Shakespeare to Churchill will be a closed book. Magnificent. But why stop there? Science is always improving things—that is the famous faith of today—and no doubt we could have English reduced to half a dozen simple noises which could be learned by an intelligent ape in six weeks, and reduce the illiteracy of English children by perhaps 50 percent.

It is forgotten by these starry-eyed enthusiasts for "streamlining" that language exists to express thought. I do not pretend to know why so many English children cannot read well. I could suggest that the dislocation of schooling during the war years has something to do with it; the overcrowded classes; the poorly paid teachers; and above all the fact that the children come from illiterate homes. I remember in 1935 or 1936 the Government of the day said that it could not afford £8 million to raise the school-leaving age. (The budget was just under £1,000 million then, I think). If you economise on

education, if you pay a teacher less than an illiterate bricklayer, what can you expect? Will the children find in their homes a book worth reading? If you regard reading as something you are made to do at school, but never as something which can give you endless delight, will you ever read for yourself?

What encouragement is given to the children to read? Or to think? Governments and newspapers are interested in promoting thought or intelligent interest. Everything is done to make the rising generation mentally lazy. Apart from the school, the chief "educational" influences upon the child are those which appeal not to his mind, but to his eyes. The pictorial newspaper, the cinema, the illustrated magazine, the comic strip, television, the advertisement hoarding—in them all the appeal is made through pictures, not through words. The main function of the radio is to play music so as to make thought or conversation impossible. When it talks, we switch it off. At all costs we must not think.

Therefore we do not need words. Therefore even that "miracle of practical simplicity," the English language, is too hard for us. But, says Mr Barkley, let us "streamline" it for you. Alas, what a vast amount of educational energy is given to "making it easier" for the child, instead of to giving him the will and the means to master his difficulties. Recently a commission of psychologists, no doubt after a well-paid six months at the public expense, announced that to write on a green board with blue chalk made things easier for children than with white on a blackboard. This well-intentioned rubbish is so much more misleading than to face the real causes of illiteracy.

Finally, I should like to stress that, as in most articles for popular consumption, only one half of the picture is presented, or stressed. (Mr Barkley, indeed, mentions the astonishing spread of English "like wildfire" as an educational medium all over the world. But as it doesn't fit in with his preconceived conclusions, he drops it quickly). But it is also a fact that the people who can read are reading more and reading better than they ever did. When "Penguin" books sell translations of Homer and Euripides by the tens of thousands, there is no need to be too depressed. The English language is no bar, but the open gateway to the richest literature in the world. I hope, indeed, that they find out why the children don't read well. But I would wager a large sum that "streamlining" the English language will not make us a more "literate" nation in any valuable sense of that word, but will simply dissipate the riches of our finest national heritage.

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